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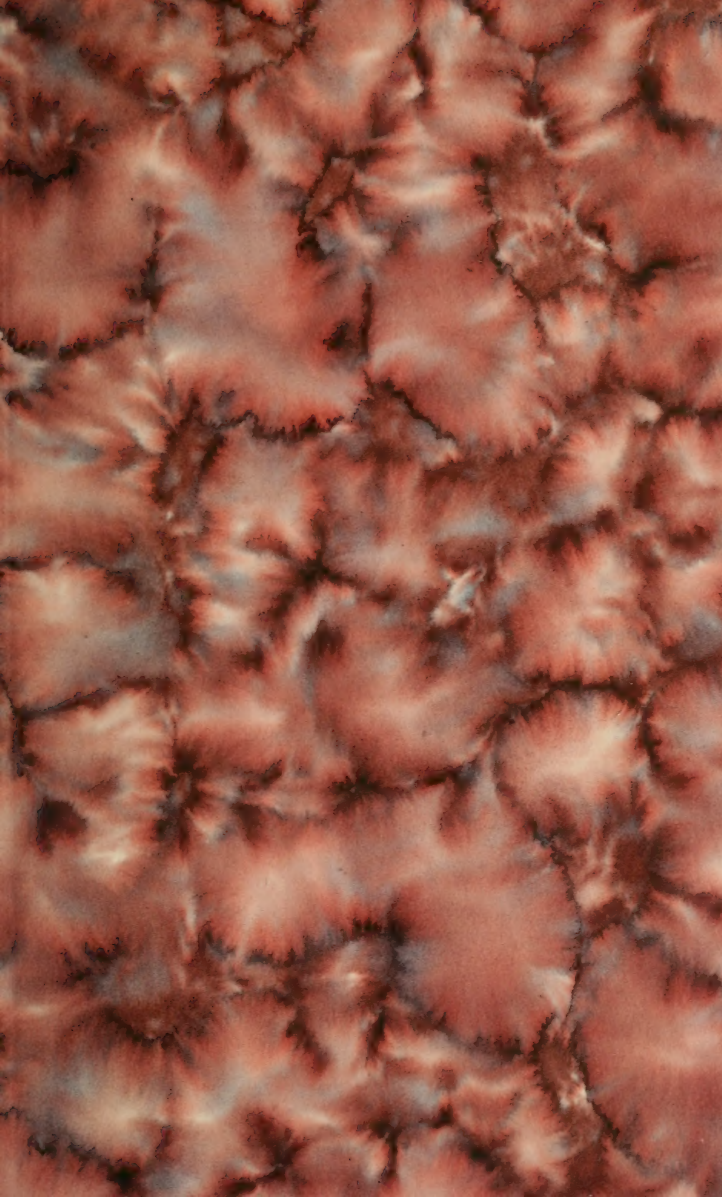
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**THE KILTARTAN
HISTORY BOOK**

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THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN

By W. B. YEATS

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THE KILTARTAN
HISTORY BOOK
By LADY GREGORY

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THE KILTARLAN
HISTORY BOOK
BY LADY GREGORY

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THE KILTARTAN HISTORY BOOK

THE FLOOD “ At the time of the Flood they were a hundred years making a bark. All the old logs of trees are in the bogs from that time, the time Ireland was drowned. The people got good warning. Noah kept in it the seed of each one, up to the birds that are in the air and every animal that is found in the world. Every blow that was struck on a nail by Noah was heard through the whole world. That was to give a warning. I often heard it came on the world to banish all out of it, and the seed was left, it to be formed by the Almighty God the way the people would flourish on again. After that again the whole world was burned, that the stones bursted and took fire from the heat of the sun, and the remains of the roots and the butts of bogdeal are to be found in the bogs. You to be cutting turf they will be rising. All the woods and valleys were burned with the heat of the sun, and even to stones would be split, and the people in their standing would be killed with the heat.”

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A GREAT MAN “ Moses was a great man and did great exploits; and no one knows the place he is buried, the same as Emmet. There was a search made for Emmet’s grave and the place he was interred, and there was no one could discover it. It was Pharoah’s daughter was out bathing and that found Moses that was put out on the river side, and that made him her heir. Pharoah was a great tyrant. He was near as bad as some of the Roman Emperors, such as Domitian. Moses stood up against him, he behaved well doing that. But he was cut off from a view of the Land of Promise because of his bad behaviour about water, doubting the mercy of God. When he was told to strike the rock once he struck it three times. And the people turned on him too, because they were always murmuring and he couldn’t please them, just like the Irish that turned against Parnell.”

THE JEWS “ I heard many a thing of Moses but I don’t know did he do the half of what they say he done. When God asked the Jews to be converted they wouldn’t give in to him. God sent him to civilise them, as the disciples were sent after. The poorest Jew you would meet in any place, he would have money.”

THE STRONGEST MAN “ Samson was of the Irish race, all the world was Irish in those times, and he killed the Philistines

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and the eyes were picked out of him after. He was said to be the strongest, but I think myself Finn MacCumhail was stronger."

KING SOLOMON "Solomon was the richest man ever lived; look at his treasures and all he spent on the Temple, seven hundred millions of English money. And the Temple was burned after, in three days. It was Titus the Roman took Jerusalem, and he bade them all not to lay a hand on the Temple but someone set fire to it and it burned, and gold and silver were running out of it. All they found was the seven brass candlesticks. But Titus was a great man. He let no man or woman go downhearted from him; and he could keep three people in talk at the one time, and he writing on paper."

THE STRONG MEN "Hercules was the strongest man. When he was a baby in the cradle his mother put a big serpent in the cradle with him to try his strength, and he twisted it and made an end of it. The stick he used to carry in his hand, it would make the earth shake the time he would put it to the ground. Sampson was stronger again for what he had was Divine strength; but the strength Hercules had was human."

A REAL BEAUTY "Helen that was a great beauty up to the age of fifty years. She must

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have been a real beauty to have been fine looking at that time. She looked in a body glass one time and saw the wrinkles coming on her face, and she went and hanged herself.”

THE KING WITH “ There was a King in A HORSE’S EARS Ireland in the old time and his hair grew very long, and as it would get too long he would get a barber to clip it, and after that he would put him to death, till hundreds were killed and there was no barber left. And the next time it was a doctor he got to clip it, and the doctor knew there must be some secret, and sure enough when he had it clipped he saw that the King had horse’s ears. And the King did not kill him but put an oath upon him that he would tell no one what he had seen. So he took the oath, but it was hard on him to keep the secret and he went out to a crossroad where there was a willow tree and he spoke into the tree. Well, in those days there used to be a harper playing before the King. And when he went to play, one of the strings of the harp broke, and he went out to get something to mend it, and the best thing he saw for that was the willow tree at the crossroad, and he took a branch of it and mended the harp. And when he went down again to play before the King all it would play was ‘ The King has got a horse’s ears.’ So the King was very angry and he bade another harper to play, and he took the harp and in the same

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way all it would play was 'The King has got a horse's ears.' So after that he cut his hair short and tried to hide them no more."

THE OLD TIMES "The first man ever lived IN IRELAND in Ireland was Partholan, and he is buried and his greyhound along with him at some place in Kerry. The Nemidians came after that and stopped for a while and then they all died of some disease. And then the Firbolgs came, the best men that ever were in Ireland, and they had no law but love, and there was never such peace and plenty in Ireland. What religion had they? None at all. And there was a low sized race came that worked the land of Ireland a long time. They had their time like the others. Tommy Niland was sitting beside me one time the same as yourself, and the day warm as this day, and he said, 'In the old times you could buy a cow for one and sixpence, and a horse for two shillings. And if you had lived in those days, Padraic, you'd have your cow and your horse.' For there was a man in those times bought a cow for one and sixpence, and when he was driving her home he sat down by the roadside crying, for fear he had given too little. And the man that sold him as he was going home he sat down by the roadside crying, for fear he had taken too much. For the people were very innocent at that time and very kind. But Columcille laid it down in his prophecy that every generation

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would be getting smaller and more liary; and that was true enough. And in the old days if there was a pig killed, it would never be sent to the saltery but everyone that came in would get a bit of it. But now, a pig to be killed, the door of the house would be closed, and no one to get a bit of it at all. In the old times the people had no envy, and they would be writing down the stories and the songs for one another. But they are too venemous now to do that. And as to the people in the towns, they don't care for such things now, they are too corrupted with drink."

BALOR OF THE EVIL EYE "Balor that lived up in Tory's Island could hear the wool growing on the sheep. And he could see three hundred miles. It was in a smith's forge he got his death; the smith's boy put a hot iron through him, calling to him of a sudden to look around."

THE FIANNA OF IRELAND "The Fianna were very strong in those days, and six or seven feet high. They would go to all countries in curraghs that were as strong as steamers; to Spain they went in their curraghs. They went across from that hill of Burren at one time, and the sea opened to let them pass. But they had no religion, and every man made a God of himself. There are no men like them now. The Conne-mara men are the best, but even with them, if

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there was a crowd of them together and you to throw a stick over their heads it would hardly hit one; they are mostly all the one height and no one a few inches taller than another." "They were all strong men in those times, and one time Finn and his men went over to Granagh to fight the men there, and it was the time of the harvest and what they fought with was sheaves, and everyone that got a blow of a sheaf got his death. Giants they were; and they lived longer than people do now, three or four hundred years. Weren't they great people! Forty-one fires in one house. It is dogs they used to have, and to live by hunting and killing meat. Maybe they ate nuts sometimes, for there were some people such as Saints used to go into the wilderness and to live on nuts and herbs they would gather, when they laid their mind to it. But ever since people are getting smaller and smaller, and will till they come to the end. But they are wittier and more crafty than they were in the old days; for the Giants were innocent, though they were so strong."

FINN MACCUMHAIL, "Finn MacCumhail
THEIR LEADER was a great man. Every hair of his head had the full strength of a man in it." "He was a very nice man, with fair hair hanging down his back like a woman; a grand man he was. When he would chew his little finger he would know all things, and he understood enchantments as well. It is the way

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he got his wisdom, he was driven away by the natives, and he took service with a great king. And there was a prophecy there would be a very big salmon caught some day in the river, and so there was, and it was given to Finn to cook, but he was to be beheaded if he let any spot come on it. And he saw a bulge in the skin, and he put his finger on it to put it down. And from that time, whenever he would put his finger to his mouth knowledge would come to him."

HIS WISDOM "He could do as much and understand as much as a child of a twelvemonth old, and no other man had that much knowledge. What can a child of a twelvemonth do that we cannot do? Did you never see a child, the way it is busy about the house and doing little things, and no one knowing how it does them. The mother herself can't understand what the child is doing, and that is the time she takes the most pride in him. Goll MacMorna was the strongest, but Finn had the most wisdom."

THEIR STRENGTH "The Connacht men make a boast that Goll was the strongest but I think myself Osgar was the best, because it was in fair fight he won. But the time Goll had the fight with Dearg Mor, that lasted through three days, Dearg Mor used to be brought away by the women every night, and there was music and dancing and he got no rest, but Goll used to have

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his full sleep. And I don't think that was very fair dealing."

GRANIA "Finn had more wisdom than all the men of the world, but he wasn't wise enough to put a bar on Grania. It was huts with big stones Grania made, that are called cromlechs now. She and Diarmuid made them when they went away into the wilderness. Many would tell you Grania slept under the cromlechs, but I don't believe that, and she a king's daughter. And I don't believe she was handsome either. If she was, why would she have run away?" "Grania was Finn's wife, and she went away with Diarmuid. She left him after and came back to Finn, but they never got on well together. She left him again and was for twenty years with Diarmuid, and Finn took her back. It was a great delusion Finn taking her back that time. The third time he would not take her back, it was within two years of his death, and he said he had had enough of bad living. As they were passing a stream the water splashed on Grania and she said, 'Diarmuid has never come so near to me as that.' It was with enchantment Finn coaxed her, and with enchantment he killed Diarmuid too."

CONAN "One time the King of the Danes sent a messenger to Finn and bade him come there and marry his daughter. But it was to make a

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trap for him he did that, the way he would kill him. But when the messenger came he stood for a while and said nothing, and Conan that was son of a mermaid hit him with his fist when he didn't speak after coming in. And Finn said, 'You are teaching manners to another and you have no manners yourself.' They were all vexed with Conan because he was so cross and so contrary and they couldn't teach him manners; and they said he should not come with them to Lochlann. Conan was angry then and he went to Finn and said he should go. And Finn said, 'Can I have no quiet at all with you always fighting? And I will not bring you with us,' he said. And Conan said, 'That you may be seven hundred times worse this time next year, if you are the king, and if you did get your knowledge from a blind salmon. And that you may never be cross till you meet with your death,' he said. That was a great curse to put upon him. Then Usheen gave Conan a place in his boat, but Osgar drove him out of it again. Conan gave them great abuse then and reproached Usheen with his mother being a deer, for Conan always had a stone in his pocket. And then he went and cut the sails and the masts of the other ships that were ready for the Fianna. Some of them set on him then to make an end of him, but he ran from them. Finn called to him to come back, for his brothers would not let him be harmed. But Conan said, 'There is no use in having brothers

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if you haven't got a good pair of feet to run with as well.' ”

MANNANAN, SON OF THE SEA “ Then Conan went to Mannanan son of Lir, that had all sorts of enchantments, and asked for his help to follow them over the sea. ‘ And I will make a little boat for myself,’ he said, ‘ and I will twist it in and out with wicker-work.’ ‘ You need not go to that trouble,’ said Mannanan, ‘ for I will lend you my own boat.’ It was for the sake of the Fianna he that was the King of the Sidhe did that, for the fairies were very friendly to the Fianna at that time. And the boats had fairy music with them and they going over to Lochlann. One time the Fianna were fighting in some place, and they were driving away the enemy's cattle, and they were attacked, and Mannanan, son of Lir, came to help them, and he said, ‘ I will do the fighting and you can drive away the cattle.’ ‘ Do not,’ they said, ‘ but we will fight and you can drive away the cattle.’ ‘ Then I will do both,’ he said. ‘ I will fight and I will drive away the cattle.’ And he did that. The King of Denmark's daughter? It is only to trap them he sent his message to Finn. How do I know if he had one at all? ”

CONAN'S ARMS “ There was an old man near this, beside the sea, had a song that gave the coats of arms of the Fianna, and Conan's was a

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briar. That was because he was always drawing troubles and quarrels between them. That cairn you see beyond on the big mountain to the west of Burren is said by the Connacht men to be where Conan is buried. They say there was a stone found there one time that had on it this writing, 'Conan the swiftfooted, the barefooted.' He was not so strong as Goll MacMorna, that would break down a gate with a stone, but he was a good runner, he would come up with a deer. He was not so nice as the others. He was some way cross."

USHEEN IN "Usheen was the last of the TIR-NAN-OGE Fianna and the greatest of them. It's he was brought away to Tir-Nan-Oge, that place where you'd stop for a thousand years and be as young as the first day you went. Out hunting they were, and there was a deer came before them very often, and they would follow it with the hounds, and it would always make for the sea, and there was a rock a little way out in the water, and it would leap on to that, and they wouldn't follow it. So one day they were going to hunt, they put Usheen out on the rock first, the way he could catch a hold of the deer and be there before it. So they found it and followed it, and when it jumped on to the rock Usheen got a hold of it. But it went down into the sea and brought him with it to some enchanted place underground that was called

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Tir-Nan-Oge, and there he stopped a very long time, but he thought it was only a few days he was in it. It is in that direction, to the west he was brought, and it was to the Clare coast he came back. And in that place you wouldn't feel the time passing, and he saw the beauty of heaven and kept his youth there a thousand years. It is a fine place, and everything that is good is in it. And if anyone is sent there with a message he will want to stop in it, and twenty years of it will seem to him like one half-hour. But as to where Tir-Nan-Oge is, it is in every place, all about us."

HIS RETURN " Well, when he thought he had **TO IRELAND** been a twelvemonth there, he began to wish to see the strong men again, his brothers; and he asked whoever was in authority in that place to give him a horse and to let him go. And they told him his brothers were all dead, but he wouldn't believe it. So they gave him a horse, but they bade him not to get off it or to touch the ground while he would be away; and they put him back in his own country. And when he went back to his old place, there was nothing left of the houses but broken walls, and they covered with moss; and all his friends and brothers were dead, with the length of time that had passed. And where his own home used to be he saw the stone trough standing that used to be full of water, and where they used to be putting

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their hands in and washing themselves. And when he saw it he had such a wish and such a feeling for it that he forgot what he was told and got off the horse. And in a minute it was as if all the years came on him, and he was lying there on the ground, a very old man and all his strength gone.”

USHEEN AND PATRICK “It was before the Flood those strong men lived here, Finn and Usheen and the others; and they lived longer than people do now, three or four hundred years. Usheen lived the longest of all, because of all those years he was away in a trance. He was saved after that by Saint Patrick. But all the others are said to be in hell because they cared nothing about God. For if one of us has a field of oats or of barley ripening in the sun we’ll say, ‘Thanks be to God.’ But if they had a field of oats or of barley ripening, they’d be thankful to **one** another or to themselves, for they thought themselves to be as much as God. Did he have much trouble to convert him? Not at all; he was as blind as that floor.”

THE ARGUMENTS “It was after Usheen fell from his horse, Saint Patrick began to instruct and to convert him. And he asked where all his companions were, and Goll the champion of Ireland. And it is what Saint Patrick said that God had them all shut up in hell with the devil. And

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Usheen said, ' If I could see them I would draw them out of that, and the devil with them and his whole forge.' And Saint Patrick told him about Adam and Eve and how they were turned out and lost for eating the forbidden fruit, an apple he called it. And Usheen said, ' Although God has all my friends shut up in hell, if I knew fruit was so scarce with him, and he to think so much of it, I'd have sent him seven cartloads of it.' It was very decent of Usheen to say that; he always had a very decent name for those sort of things. And Usheen said another thing to Patrick. He said, ' Don't the blackbird and the thrush whistle very well, and don't they make their nests very nice, and they never got any instruction or teaching from God?' And what Saint Patrick answered to that I don't know. It was not long after that Saint Patrick got him converted, and as soon as he converted him he was in such a hurry not to lose a minute but to baptize him at once, that he struck down his spear on his foot without seeing it, and pinned him by the instep to the ground. And when he saw a stream of blood coming from the instep he said, ' Why did you make no sign when the spear struck you?' And Usheen said, ' I thought it was part of the rite of baptism. And I wouldn't begrudge a little drop of blood to God Almighty.' He died soon after that and was saved, because he showed such patience. But all his friends are in hell; but when they lived angels used to come

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sometimes to see them and to talk with them; they were so nice and so respectable.”

SAINT PATRICK “There were many great saints in Ireland, but Saint Patrick was the bush among them all. He used to be travelling and blessing all before him. He was about seventy years when God bade him come to Ireland, and he didn't like to be put out of his way, being old, and he said he would not come. So then God said if he would not come he would give him a bad next door neighbour that would be fighting and quarrelling and slandering him. So when he heard that, he said it would be as good to go to Ireland.”

THE DRUIDS' CANDLE “Saint Patrick came one night to a farmer's house, and there was a great candle shining in some place near, and three or four of the farmer's sons had got their death through it, for every one that would see it would get his death. It was some evil thing that put it there, witchcraft that the Druids used to be doing at that time the way the Freemasons do it in England to this day. They do that, and they have a way of knowing each other if they would meet in a crowd. But Saint Patrick went to where the candle was, and it did him no harm and he put it out, and it was never lighted again in Ireland.”

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CUCHULAIN AND AOIFE'S SON

“ I will tell you now about Cuchulain that was the greatest man that came in Ireland after the time of the Fianna. He beat the King of Connacht in three battles, and the King of Connacht had the help of the English called in. Cuchulain went one time to get learning of fighting from a witch in some place that is far away. She had a vessel in the water, and when any man came wanting her daughter in marriage she would say he must walk through the vessel first. And when he did that he would fall in the water, up to the waist, and all the flesh would go from him and nothing be left but the bones. But when Cuchulain came, she said if he would marry herself he need not go in the vessel at all. So he married her and he lived with her a year all but three months, and at the end of that time he said he must go back to Ireland. ‘ Oh, why would you go from me?’ she said. ‘ I must go see my armies,’ said Cuchulain. ‘ And when the child is born,’ he said, ‘ if it is a son, give it my own name; but if it is a girl you may do with it what you like.’ So he went away, but she thought to herself she would vex his heart yet. And the son was born and she reared him till he was nineteen years, and then she sent him to Ireland. And she bade him tell his name to no one but to go there and to fight and to put down the best man in Ireland. So he went to land in Ireland, and twelve men

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came down to stand against him, and he put them all down and tied them together and left them there. And then he went up and asked to fight with the best man in Ireland. And Cuchulain came out and he said, 'Tell me what your name is?' And the young man said, 'I did not come out to tell it to one or to two. But if I told it to anyone in the whole world,' he said, 'it is I would soonest tell it to your pale face.' For he felt in his heart that it was his father was before him. So they went fighting then, and it was with spears they used to fight at that time. And the son would throw them fair and easy every time but Cuchulain would throw them hard and wicked at him. And one of Cuchulain's spears went through his body at the last. And when he was lying on the ground near his death Cuchulain asked him who was he. And he told him he was his own son. 'And did you not see me throw the spears fair and easy?' he said; 'and you threw them hard and wicked at me.' "

MAEVE OF CONNACHT "As to Queen Maeve she was very handsome, and used the hazel stick, that her enemies could not stand before her. But she grew very disagreeable after that; you wouldn't like to hear all that is said of her. Better not to be talking about it; who knows how much of it is true? Let it be between the book and the reader."

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GOBAN, THE BUILDER “The Goban was the master of sixteen trades. There was no beating him; he had got the gift. He went one time to Quin Abbey when it was building, looking for a job, and the men were going to their dinner, and he had poor clothes, and they began to jibe at him, and the foreman said, ‘Make now a cat-and-nine-tails while we are at our dinner, if you are any good.’ And he took the chisel and cut it in the rough in the stone, a cat with nine tails coming from it, and there it was complete when they came out from their dinner. There was no beating him. He learned no trade, but he was master of sixteen. That is the way, a man that has the gift will get more out of his own brain than another will get through learning. There is many a man without learning will get the better of a college-bred man, and will have better words too. Those that make inventions in these days have the gift, such a man now as Edison, with all he has got out of electricity.”

A WITTY WIFE “The Goban Saor was a mason and a smith, and he could do all things, and he was very witty. He was going from home one time and he said to the wife, ‘If it is a daughter you have this time I’ll kill you when I come back’; for up to that time he had no sons, but only daughters. And it was a daughter she had; but a neighbouring woman had a son at the same time, and they made an

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exchange to save the life of the Goban's wife. But when the boy began to grow up he had no wit, and the Goban knew by that he was no son of his. That is the reason he wanted a witty wife for him. So there came a girl to the house one day, and the Goban Saor bade her look round at all that was in the room, and he said, 'Do you think a couple could get a living out of this?' 'They could not,' she said. So he said she wouldn't do, and he sent her away. Another girl came another day, and he bade her take notice of all that was in the house, and he said, 'Do you think could a couple knock a living out of this?' 'They could if they stopped in it,' she said. So he said that girl would do. Then he asked her could she bring a sheepskin to the market and bring back the price of it, and the skin itself as well. She said she could, and she went to the market, and there she pulled off the wool and sold it and brought back the price and the skin as well. Then he asked could she go to the market and not be dressed or undressed. And she went having only one shoe and one stocking on her, so she was neither dressed or undressed. Then he sent her to walk neither on the road or off the road, and she walked on the path beside it. So he said then she would do as a wife for his son."

AN ADVICE "One time some great king or SHE GAVE lord sent for the Goban to build a *caisleán* for him, and the son's wife said to him

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before he went, ' Be always great with the women of the house, and always have a comrade among them.' So when the Goban went there he coaxed one of the woman the same as if he was not married. And when the castle was near built, the woman told him the lord was going to play him a trick, and to kill him or shut him up when he had the castle made, the way he would not build one for any other lord that was as good. And as she said, the lord came and bade the Goban to make a cat and two-tails, for no one could make that but himself, and it was meaning to kill him on it he was. And the Goban said he would do that when he had finished the castle, but he could not finish it without some tool he had left at home. And they must send the lord's son for it—for he said it would not be given to any other one. So the son was sent, and the Goban sent a message to the daughter-in-law that the tool he was wanting was called ' When you open it shut it.' And she was surprised, for there was no such tool in the house; but she guessed by the message what she had to do, and there was a big chest in the house and she set it open. ' Come now,' she said to the young man, ' look in the chest and find it for yourself.' And when he looked in she gave him a push forward, and in he went, and she shut the lid on him. She wrote a letter to the lord then, saying he would not get his son back till he had sent her own two men, and they were sent back to her."

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SHORTENING THE ROAD “Himself and his son were walking the road together one day, and the Goban said to the son, ‘Shorten the road for me.’ So the son began to walk fast, thinking that would do it, but the Goban sent him back home when he didn’t understand what to do. The next day they were walking again, and the Goban said again to shorten the road for him, and this time he began to run, and the Goban sent him home again. When he went in and told the wife he was sent home the second time, she began to think, and she said, ‘When he bids you shorten the road, it is that he wants you to be telling him stories.’ For that is what the Goban meant, but it took the daughter-in-law to understand it. And it is what I was saying to that other woman, that if one of ourselves was making a journey, if we had another along with us, it would not seem to be one half as long as if we would be alone. And if that is so with us, it is much more with a stranger, and so I went up the hill with you to shorten the road, telling you that story.’”

THE GOBAN’S SECRET “The Goban and his son were seven years building the castle, and they never said a word all that time. And at the end of seven years the son was at the top, and he said, ‘I hear a cow lowing.’ And the Goban said then, ‘Make all strong below you, for the work is done,’ and they went home. The

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Goban never told the secret of his building, and when he was on the bed dying they wanted to get it from him, and they went in and said, 'Claregalway Castle is after falling in the night.' And the Goban said, 'How can that be when I put a stone in and a stone out and a stone across.' So then they knew the way he built so well."

THE SCOTCH ROGUE "One time he was on the road going to the town, and there was a Scotch rogue on the road that was always trying what could he pick off others, and he saw the Connemara man—that was the Goban—had a nice cravat, and he thought he would get a hold of that. So he began talking with him, and he was boasting of all the money he had, and the Goban said whatever it was he had three times as much as it, and he with only thirty pounds in the world. And the Scotch rogue thought he would get some of it from him, and he said he would go to a house in the town, and he gave him some food and some drink there, and the Goban said he would do the same for him on the morrow. So then the Goban went out to three houses, and in each of them he left ten pounds of his thirty pounds, and he told the people in every house what they had to do, and that when he would strike the table with his hat three times they would bring out the money. So then he asked the Scotch rogue into the first house, and ordered every sort of food and drink,

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ten pounds worth in all. And when they had used all they could of it, he struck with his hat on the table, and the man of the house brought out the ten pounds, and the Goban said, 'Keep that to pay what I owe you.' The second day he did the same thing in another house. And in the third house they went to he ordered ten pounds worth of food and drink in the same way. And when the time came to pay, he struck the table with the hat, and there was the money in the hand of the man of the house before them. 'That's a good little caubeen,' said the Scotch rogue, 'when striking it on the table makes all that money appear.' 'It is a wishing hat,' said the Goban; 'anything I wish for I can get as long as I have that.' 'Would you sell it?' said the Scotch rogue. 'I would not,' said the Goban. 'I have another at home, but I wouldn't sell one or the other.' 'You may as well sell it, so long as you have another at home,' said the Scotch rogue. 'What will you give for it?' says the Goban. 'Will you give three hundred pounds for it?' 'I will give that,' says the Scotch rogue, 'when it will bring me all the wealth I wish for.' So he went out and brought the three hundred pound, and gave it to the Goban, and he got the caubeen and went away with it, and it not worth three halfpence. There was no beating the Goban. Wherever he got it, he had got the gift."

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THE DANES “ Finn was the last of the Giants, the tall, strong men. It was after that the Lochlanachs came to the country, that were a small race and dark and carried the bag. But they were more crafty than the Giants, and they used to be humbugging them. One time they got a sack and filled it with sand and gave it to one of the Fianna to put on his back to try him. But he lifted it up and all he said was, ‘ It is grain sowed in February it is.’ They were surely small men, or how could they live in those little rooms and passages in the raths? I’d have to stoop myself down when I’d go into them. They had the whole country once, and they used to make beer out of the tops of the heath the same way the bees draw honey out of it. A raven to hover near the house is bad, keeping quiet on the wing. It was a raven one of the Danish leaders had that used to go here and there, and come back to his shoulder and be whispering newses into his ear. The Italians give in greatly to birds, but religion tells us not to believe in them. Weasels were cats to the Danes, and many’s the good battle I saw between a weasel and a good rat. They are the best of fishermen catching fish in the sea, for they are enchanted. But there’s nothing on the face of the globe so awful as a cat.”

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WHAT THEY LEFT AFTER THEM “ There were some digging in a marshy place and they found barrels that were buried by the Danes, eight or ten of them. And they opened them and put in a hand, and there was nothing at the top but tallow, so they sold them to one Damer, a chandler. That is the way he got rich and had a room full of gold. It was a tailor that worked for him asked for a sight of the gold. ‘ What good is that to you?’ said Damer. ‘ It is all you get of it yourself,’ said the tailor; and Damer gave him a hatful of the gold. And there was a ship full of pipes found not many years ago that was left by the Danes. They had pipes in those days, but what they put in them is not known, for it was Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco to Ireland, and it was the poet Spenser first planted a leaf of it in his garden. But some say tobacco was in the world at all times, and there’s no one but would be the better for it, only a delicate man that would use too much. And there’s women in the world use as much as ourselves, and they with their pipe in their gob. But as to tea, before it was in the world people didn’t die so sudden as what they do.”

NEWS OF THE DANES “ There was a man one time set out from Ireland to go to America or some place, a common man looking for work he was. And something happened to the ship on the way and they had to put to land

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to mend it. And in the country where they landed he saw a forth and he went into it, and there he saw the smallest people he ever saw, and they were the Danes that went out of Ireland, and it was they had foxes for dogs and weasels were their cats. And when there is a marriage among the Danes they put down the land they have in Ireland with whatever else they have, for they expect to come back and to own the country again some day. But whether they will or not, I don't know."

THE WISPS "The reason of the wisps and the fires on Saint John's Eve is that one time long ago the Danes came and took the country and conquered it, and they put a soldier to mind every house through the whole country. And at last the people made up their mind that on one night they would kill its soldiers. So they did as they said, and there wasn't one left, and that is why they light the wisps ever since. It was Brian Boroihme was the first to light them. There was not much of an army left to the Danes that time, for he made a great scatter of them. A great man he was, and his own son was as good, that is Murrough. It was the wife brought him to his end, Gormleith. She was for war, and he was all for peace. And he got to be very pious, too pious, and old, and she got tired of that."

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THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF “ Clontarf was on the head of a game of chess. The generals of the Danes were beaten at it, and they were vexed ; and Cennedigh was killed on a hill near Fermoy. He put the Holy Gospels in his breast as a protection, but he was struck through them with a reeking dagger. It was Brodar, that the Brodericks are descended from, that put a dagger through Brian’s heart, and he attending to his prayers. What the Danes left in Ireland were hens and weasels. And when the cock crows in the morning the country people will always say ‘ It is for Denmark they are crowing. Crowing they are to be back in Denmark.’ ”

THE ENGLISH “ It was a long time after that, the Pope encouraged King Henry to take Ireland. It was for a protection he did it, Henry being of his own religion, and he fearing the Druids or the Danes might invade Ireland.”

THE QUEEN OF BREFFNY “ Dervorgilla was a red-haired woman, and it was she put the great curse on Ireland, bringing in the English through MacMurrough, that she went to from O’Rourke. It was to Henry the Second MacMurrough went, and he sent Strongbow, and they stopped in Ireland ever since. But who knows but another race might be worse, such as the Spaniards that were scattered along the whole coast of Connacht at the time of the

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Armada. And the laws are good enough. I heard it said the English will be dug out of their graves one day for the sake of their law. As to Dervorgilla, she was not brought away by force, she went to MacMurrough herself. For there are men in the world that have a coaxing way, and sometimes women are weak."

KING HENRY VIII. "Henry the Eighth was crying and roaring and leaping out of the bed for three days and nights before his death. And he died cursing his children, and he that had eight millions when he came to the Throne, coining leather money at the end."

ELIZABETH "Queen Elizabeth was awful. She was a very lustful woman. Beyond everything she was. When she came to the turn she dyed her hair red, and whatever man she had to do with, she sent him to the block in the morning, that he would be able to tell nothing. She had an awful temper. She would throw a knife from the table at the waiting ladies, and if anything vexed her she would maybe work upon the floor. A thousand dresses she left after her. Very superstitious she was. Sure after her death they found a card, the ace of hearts, nailed to her chair under the seat. She thought she would never die while she had it there. And she bought a bracelet from an old woman out in Wales that was over a hundred years. It was superstition

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made her do that, and they found it after her death tied about her neck.”

HER DEATH “It was a town called Calais broke her heart and brought her to her death the same as the Boer War did with Queen Victoria, and she lay chained on the floor three days and three nights. The Archbishop was trying to urge her to eat, but she said, ‘You would not ask me to do it if you knew the way I am,’ for nobody could see the chains. After her death they waked her for six days in Whitehall, and there were six ladies sitting beside the body every night. Three coffins were about it, the one nearest the body of lead, and then a wooden one, and a leaden one on the outside. And every night there came from them a great bellow. And the last night there came a bellow that broke the three coffins open, and tore the velvet, and there came out a stench that killed the most of the ladies and a million of the people of London with the plague. Queen Victoria was more honourable than that. It would be hard to beat Queen Elizabeth.”

CAROLAN’S SONG “Carolan, that could play the fiddle and the harp, used to be going about with Cahil-a-Corba, that was a tambourine man. But they got tired of one another and parted, and Carolan went to the house of the King of Mayo, and he stopped there, and the King asked him to stop for his lifetime. There came a grand visitor one time, and when he heard Carolan sing-

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ing and playing and his fine pleasant talk, he asked him to go with him on a visit to Dublin. So Carolan went, and he promised the King of Mayo he would come back at the end of a month. But when he was at the gentleman's house he liked it so well that he stopped a year with him, and it wasn't till the Christmas he came back to Mayo. And when he got there the doors were shut, and the King was at his dinner, and Queen Mary and the three daughters, and he could see them through the windows. But when the King saw him he said he would not let him in. He was vexed with him and angry, he had broken his promise and his oath. So Carolan began to give out a song he had made about the King of Mayo and all his family, and he brought Queen Mary into it and the three daughters. Then the Queen asked leave of the King to bring him in, because he made so good a song, but the King would not give in to it. Then Carolan began to draw down the King of Mayo's father and his grandfather into the song. And Queen Mary asked again for forgiveness for him, and the King gave it that time because of the song that had in it the old times, and the old generations went through him. But as to Cahil-a-Corba, he went to another gentleman's house and he stopped too long in it and was driven out. But he came back, having changed his form, that the gentleman did not know him, and he let him in again, and then he was forgiven."

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THE TRACE OF CROMWELL “ I’ll tell you now about the trace of Cromwell. There was a young lady was married to a gentleman, and she died with her first baby, and she was brought away into a forth by the fairies, the good people, as I suppose. She used to be sitting on the side of it combing her hair, and three times her husband saw her there, but he had not the courage to go and to bring her away. But there was a man of the name of Howley living near the forth, and he went out with his gun one day and he saw her beside the forth, and he brought her away to his house, and a young baby sprang between them at the end of a year. One day the husband was out shooting and he came in upon Howley’s land, and when young Howley heard the shooting he rose up and went out and he bade the gentleman to stop, for this was his land. So he stopped, and he said he was weary and thirsty, and he asked could he rest in the house. So young Howley said as long as he asked pardon he had leave to use what he liked. So he came in the house and he sat at the table, and he put his two eyes through the young lady. ‘ If I didn’t see her dead and buried,’ he said, ‘ I’d say that to be my own wife.’ ‘ Oh !’ said she, ‘ so I am your wife, and you are badly worthy of me, and you have the worst courage ever I knew, that you would not come and bring me away out of the forth as young Howley had the courage to bring me,’ she said. So then he asked

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young Howley would he give him back his wife. 'I will give her,' he said, 'but you never will get the child.' So the child was reared, and when he was grown he went travelling up to Dublin. And he was at a hunt, and he lost the top of his boot, and he went into a shoemaker's shop and he gave him half a sovereign for nothing but to put the tip on the boot, for he saw he was poor and had a big family. And more than that, when he was going away he took out three sovereigns and gave them to the shoemaker, and he looked at one of the little chaps, and he said, 'That one will be in command of the whole of England.' 'Oh, that cannot be,' said the shoemaker, 'where I am poor and have not the means to do anything for him.' 'It will be as I tell you,' said he, 'and write me out now a docket,' he said, 'that if ever that youngster will come to command Ireland, he will give me a free leg.' So the docket was made out, and he brought it away with him. And sure enough, the shoemaker's son listed, and was put at the head of soldiers, and got the command of England, and came with his soldiers to put down Ireland. And Howley saw them coming and he tied his handkerchief to the top of his stick, and when Cromwell saw that, he halted the army, 'For there is some poor man in distress,' he said. Then Howley showed him the docket his father had written. 'I will do some good thing for you on account of that,' said Cromwell; 'and go now to the top

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of that high cliff,' he said, 'and I'll give as much land as you can see from it.' And so he did give it to him. It was no wonder Howley to have known the shoemaker's son would be in command and all would happen him, because of his mother that got knowledge in the years she was in the forth. That is the trace of Cromwell. I heard it at a wake, and I would believe it, and if I had time to put my mind to it, and if I was not on the road from Loughrea to Ballyvaughan, I could give you the foundations of it better."

CROMWELL'S LAW "I'll tell you about Cromwell and the White Friars. There was a White Friar at that time was known to have knowledge, and Cromwell sent word to him to come see him. It was of a Saturday he did that, of an Easter Saturday, but the Friar never came. On the Sunday Cromwell sent for him again, and he didn't come. And on the Monday he sent for him the third time, and he did come. 'Why is it you did not come to me when I sent before?' said Cromwell. 'I'll tell you that,' said the White Friar. 'I didn't come on Saturday,' he said, 'because your passion was on you. And I didn't come on the Sunday,' he said, 'because your passion was not gone down enough, and I thought you would not give me my steps. But I came to-day,' he said, 'because your passion is cool.' When Cromwell heard his answer, 'That is true,' he said, 'and tell me how long my law

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will last in Ireland.' 'It will last,' says the White Friar, 'till yesterday will come (that was Easter Sunday) the same day as our Lady Day.' Cromwell was satisfied then, and he gave him a free leg, and he went away. And so that law did last till now, and it's well it did, for without that law in the country you wouldn't be safe walking the road having so much as the price of a pint of porter in your pocket."

CROMWELL IN CONNACHT "Cromwell cleared the road before him. If any great man stood against him he would pull down his castle the same as he pulled down that castle of your own, Ballinamantane, that is down the road. He never got more than two hours sleep or three, or at the most four, but starting up fearing his life would be peppered. There was a word he sounded out to the Catholics, 'To hell or Connacht,' and the reason he did that was that Connacht was burned bare, and he that thought to pass the winter there would get no lodging at all. Himself and his men travelled it, and they never met with anything that had human breath put in it by God till they came to Breffny, and they saw smoke from a chimney, and they surrounded the house and went into it. And what they saw was a skeleton over the fire roasting, and the people of the house picking flesh off it with the bits of a hook. And when they saw that, they left them there. It was a Clare man that

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burned Connacht so bare; he was worse than Cromwell, and he made a great slaughter in the house of God at Clonmel. The people have it against his family yet, and against the whole County of Clare. O'Donnell from the North came down by the seaside burning everything before him from mansions to the poorest cabin. He came from Ballyvaughan to Kiltartan and passed a night there, but because it was the Sabbath he did nothing, but went on to Tuam Graney. Those neighbours of your own beyond were in with Oliver Cromwell in the days gone by, and he saved them when he ran through the whole country. It is the way that happened, he was stopping in the house and the lady liked him well, and when he was going away he said, 'If it is a boy let you call him Oliver.' And so when the time came it is Oliver he was called. So he left them all they had, and they the only ones he did leave a share to in the Province of Connacht. That is the story from the old time, and if there was not something in it, why would he tell the lady to call him Oliver? "

A WORSE THAN CROMWELL "Cromwell was very bad, but the drink is worse. For a good many that Cromwell killed should go to heaven, but those that are drunken never see heaven. And as to drink, a man that takes the first glass is as quiet and as merry as a pet lamb; and after the second glass he is as knacky

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as a monkey; and after the third glass he is as ready for battle as a lion; and after the fourth glass he is like a swine as he is. 'I am thirsty' '*Tha Tort Orm,*' that was one of our Lord's seven words on the Cross, where he was dry. And a man far off would have given him drink; but there was a drunkard at the foot of the Cross, and he prevented him."

THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT "Prendergast was a great writer. He wrote the Cromwellian settlement. It is he would have put down Harry Froude better than the man that took in hand to do it, that was Father Tom Burke. For Prendergast got to the Castle, he had a great job getting leave to do that, and he found the letters that were thick and piled with dust, and made out the truth from them. He was a long time doing that; two or three months, and he could hear the trumpets of the guard every day. And after that he defied anyone to say he wrote down any lie."

A POEM MADE IN IRISH IN CROMWELL'S TIME. "The Gael are flayed and stripped entirely; a grave is made ready for every one of them; or they make no delay but take their pass and cross the ocean, giving their word to stop away to the time of their death from Ireland.

"Though the strength of the Gall is beyond our

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strength, and though they got luck and fortune among us, they will not get the sway by the dint of their twists, but the anger of God will rain down upon them. O! Father of miracles, we have leave to pray to you. Give back their rights to the Gael of Ireland!"

ANOTHER POEM "It is to all the Gael
WRITTEN IN IRISH, of Inisfail I am telling
AT THE END OF out this sharp story
CROMWELL'S WAR. that has left me full of
sorrow. My grief for our brave fighting men,
the weight of their defeat and their need.

"Their roots have been cut away and perished along with their means and their great name. Not the length of a foot of their lands left to them, nor so much as the makings of a bed; but only leave to bring away their life to Spain.

"There will be coming after them to take their place, after destroying themselves, their civility and their cities, the fat-legged mockers with their packs and plates and brass and pewter; with their English chat."

PATRICK "Sarsfield was a great general
SARFIELD the time he turned the shoes on
his horse. The English it was were pursuing
him, and he got off and changed the shoes the
way when they saw the tracks they would think
he went another road. That was a great plan.

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He got to Limerick then, and he killed thousands of the English. He was a great general.”

THE STUARTS “As to the Stuarts, there are no songs about them and no praises in the West, whatever there may be in the South. Why would there, and they running away and leaving the country the way they did? And what good did they ever do it? James the Second was a coward. Why didn't he go into the thick of the battle like the Prince of Orange? He stopped on a hill three miles away, and rode off to Dublin, bringing the best of his troops with him. There was a lady walking in the street at Dublin when he got there, and he told her the battle was lost, and she said, ‘Faith you made good haste; you made no delay on the road.’ So he said no more after that. The people liked James well enough before he ran; they didn't like him after that.”

ANOTHER STORY “Seumus Salach, Dirty James, it is he brought all down. At the time of the battle there was one of his men said, ‘I have my eye cocked, and all the nations will be done away with,’ and he pointing his cannon. ‘Oh!’ said James, ‘Don't make a widow of my daughter.’ If he didn't say that, the English would have been beat. It was a very poor thing for him to do. I used to hear them singing ‘The White Cockade’ through the country—‘King James was beaten and all his well-wishers; my

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grief, my boy, that went with them!’ But I don’t think the people had ever much opinion of the Stuarts; but in those days they were all prone to versify. But the Famine did away with all that. Sure King James ran all the way from the Boyne to Dublin after the battle. There was a verse made about him. ‘It was the coming of King James that struck down Ireland, With his one shoe Irish and his one shoe English, He that wouldn’t strike a blow and that wouldn’t make a peace, he has left trouble for ever on the Gael.’ ”

THE BISHOP OF DERRY “There will never be tranquility in Ireland. Look now at the North that is making ready to fight, the same as at the time of William of Orange. The Bishop of Derry came out to the battle of the Boyne and took his place in the ranks and he was the first to be killed in the battle. ‘What brought him into it?’ said William when they told that to him. There was a statue put up to him and it stood through the years, through wind and water, till the day the King’s assent was given to Catholic emancipation; and on that day the sword fell from his hand. But as to the Belfast men, the Prince of Orange could get no good of them, but to hand them over to Ginkel.”

THE BALL AT ATHLONE “Seven or eight nations were in the battle of Aughrim—

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Scotch and Scot; Irish and Dutch and Danes, Hessians, Hanoverians, Brandenburgians—they came with William of Orange. And they were in it in '98. William of Orange was a soldier down to his boots. St. Ruth was too careless. And he put a curse upon the Irish; he asked why was he brought out of France for to lead such a race. But he was too slow himself. He had the surrounding gentry invited to a ball just before the battle of Aughrim, and when his messenger came to warn him the English were crossing the Shannon in three troops, all he did was to say, 'Tell them St. Ruth is here.' He thought that his name would frighten them."

THE BATTLE "That was a great slaughter
OF AUGHRIM at Aughrim. St. Ruth wanted to do all himself, he being a foreigner. He gave no plan of the battle to Sarsfield, but a written command to stop where he was, and Sarsfield knew no more than yourself or myself in the evening before it happened. It was Colonel Merell's wife bade him not go to the battle, where she knew it would go bad with him through a dream. But he said that meant that he would be crowned, and he went out and was killed. That is what the poem says :

" ' If Cæsar listened to Calpurnia's dream
He had not been by Pompey's statue slain.'

All great men gave attention to dreams, though

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the Church is against them now. It is written in Scripture that Joseph gave attention to his dream. But Colonel Merell did not, and so he went to his death. Aughrim would have been won if it wasn't for the drink. There was too much of it given to the Irish soldiers that day—drink and spies and traitors. The English never won a battle in Ireland in fair fight, but getting spies and setting the people against one another. I saw where Aughrim was fought, and I turned aside from the road to see the tree where St. Ruth was killed. The half of it is gone like snuff. That was spies too, a Colonel's daughter that told the English in what place St. Ruth would be washing himself at six o'clock in the morning. And it was there he was shot by one O'Donnell, an Englishman. He shot him from six miles off. The Danes were dancing in the raths around Aughrim the night after the battle. Their ancestors were driven out of Ireland before; and they were glad when they saw those that had put them out put out themselves, and every one of them skivered."

A LAMENT MADE "O Patrick Sarsfield,
IN IRISH FOR health be to you, since
SARFIELD you went to France and
your camps were loosened; making your sighs
along with the King, and you left poor Ireland
and the Gael defeated—Och ochone! O Patrick
Sarsfield, it is a man with God you are; and
blessed is the earth you ever walked on. The

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blessing of the bright sun and the moon upon you, since you took the day from the hands of King William—Och ochone! O Patrick Sarsfield, the prayer of every person with you; my own prayer and the prayer of the Son of Mary with you, since you took the narrow ford going through Biorra, and since at Cuilenn O'Cuarac you won Limerick—Och ochone! I will go up on the mountain alone; and I will come hither from it again. It is there I saw the camp of the Gael, the poor troop thinned, not keeping with one another—Och ochone! My five hundred healths to you, halls of Limerick, and to the beautiful troop was in our company; it is bonfires we used to have and playing cards, and the word of God was often with us—Och ochone! There were many soldiers glad and happy that were going the way through seven weeks; but now they are stretched down in Aughrim—Och ochone! They put the first breaking on us at the Bridge of the Boyne; the second breaking on the Bridge of Slaney; the third breaking in Aughrim of O'Kelly; and O sweet Ireland my five hundred healths to you—Och ochone! O'Kelly has manuring for his land that is not sand or dung, but ready soldiers doing bravery with pikes, that were left in Aughrim stretched in ridges—Och ochone! Who is that beyond on the hill, Beinn Edair? I a poor soldier with King James. I was last year in arms and in dress, but this year I am asking alms—Och ochone!”

THE STORY OF IRELAND " It is the wind
 TO THE DEFEAT AT from the west
 AUGHRIM AS THE LITTLE that has perished
 BUSH TOLD THE POET me from top to
 RAFTERY IN IRISL root. It is a long
 time I am stopping in this place; it is many a
 story I can give news of. The time the eight
 were saved and the thousands were drowned,
 Noah and his clan and his mother, it was on the
 side of Croagh Patrick that Partholan was kept
 living by the will of the Graces. It is the Ridge
 of the wild Boar was the name of this place;
 there was nothing in it only wood and wilder-
 ness; wild dogs and badgers making their leaps,
 till the time the Firbolgs came to Ireland.
 Hunting on hills and hunting on the mountain,
 great the strength of the whole of them together;
 till the people without grace came against them,
 the Tuatha de Danaan from the land of Egypt.
 I, the Bush of Athlinn, saw all this; and saw the
 two armies coming together. And the finishing
 of the case and the end of the story; and the
 Firbolg banished by a race without humanity.
 Gaedelus came next, of the race of Milesius, a
 royal prince of the true blood of the Gael; his
 sons, MacCuill, MacCeacht, MacGreine, with
 their sharp bright swords, divided Ireland.
 There was a man of them was not satisfied;
 then began robbery, wrong and treachery. Lands
 and provinces going through one another, till

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Cormac son of Art put his hand to Ireland. It is he drew together the Fianna of Ireland; Goll son of Morna with his polished sword; Caoilte and Osgar, Diarmuid O'Duibne that raised enchantments; Finn, the man of knowledge, the choice of the fighting men. It is under myself the strong men made their sport; playing and drinking every day and every night. Their shields, their helmets and their sharp-edged swords on the table under me along with their full cups. Hunting on the hills, on the bogs and mountains; running after the badgers and the hornless does; till as swift as a hound, destruction came on them, because they would never give in to God. Conochar came to the Crown after that; and the good champions trained to bravery. The Sons of Usnach that put Scotland under rent; but the three were lost on the head of Deirdre. Cuchulain of the feats, the Hound that broke every gap; and Curoi that was lost through the beauty of Blanad; Fergus Mac-Roy, and Conall Cearnach—not one of them was sanctified but only Conochar. Not one was of the Saints till the coming of Patrick; a blessed Apostle that travelled to Ireland. He quenched the Candle of the Rock by his rod. He put seven hundred churches together. Another throng came after that story; the Lochlannachs that put trouble on Ireland. Turgesius their leader tearing and destroying; a foreign soldier put in every house, in dread would the secret thought of any two come together. Until Brian Boromhe took

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pity on Ireland and the kingdom started up all together; put watchers to kill the Danes and to light the wisps, on the Eve of Saint John in every corner of Ireland. Early in the morning of the Friday of the Crucifixion, between the Ford of Hurdles and the harbour on Beinn Edair, the Lochlannachs were running like a fox before the hounds. But Brian and his children, the strong men, were lost. Another hundred years after this story, the King of Leinster took, unless lies were put out, the wife from O'Rourke that left trouble on the Gael, and brought the English for the first time to Ireland. A message was sent out and a horn blowing, till many hundreds were gathered together; Strongbow, the lord over them and leader, till they brought under their sway the Province of Leinster. Three hundred years, and put more to it, till the crooked Prince was born in England; and Martin Luther, bad were his habits, who denied the Pope and the Holy Sacrament. One thousand and five hundred as may be read; nine and eight to be put along with it, since Christ came down in the body of a man; till Henry began the Reformation. Turned his back on God and denied his wife; married his own daughter as wife and comrade; wasn't it a crooked law that one had, to put his wife and daughter to death together. Then Queen Mary, the hound of the Gael; the civil, mannerly, comely maiden. She pulled up bushes and trees and branches, if it wasn't that she died she'd have

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pulled up the root. Elizabeth came to the Crown after that; who never took a mate and never fasted from a man. She turned her back to the yoke of the clergy, till she put to the rout the Church of the Gael. The next to come after her was James, the man that was the worst for law and for manners. He gave obedience to the law of Strafford; putting his chain upon bog and mountain. And no worse was the father than the son Charles; laying his heavy scourge on Ireland. But when God and man had a mind for the news, he lost his head through the five of Trumps. Maguire and MacMahon raised a hand for Ireland. The heads were struck off the two of them in London. Owen Roe came after that in the story, the gay, mannerly, civil horseman, that knocked a side-leap out of the Cromwellians. The time there was trouble in the month of harvest, in Aughrim, on the day that follows the Sunday, it left grief on many of the sons of the Gael, without a word at all of the defeat at the Boyne. The curse of God upon James of the Dirt, that gave his daughter to William for a woman of a wife. He made the Irish English and the English Irish, when he put through one another the wheat and the barley. The English were feasting at Cillin-O-Guaire, till the time Sarsfield came, the generous-hearted; he sent down into the Shannon their pride and their arms. And raised the siege of Limerick that very morning. Let ye not be without courage from this

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time out. God is stronger than the Cromwellians. That is what Raftery put down about Ireland; Himself and the little Bush together.”

QUEEN ANNE “The Georges were fair; they left all to the Government; but Anne was very bad and a tyrant. She tyrannised over the Irish. She died brokenhearted with all the bad things that were going on about her. For Queen Anne was very wicked. Oh! she was the wickedest woman that ever lived! No one can tell how wicked she was!” (I think this old woman, lying in her Workhouse bed, had in her mind Aine, a Queen in the fairy kingdom. So in an old ballad, a call to a girl to join the invisible host, she is told:—

“There is not a forth from this to the North
But we'll dance all around it and sing merrily;
And the lads of Queen Anne shall be at your command,
And they shall all stand in great dread of thee.”

In like manner some of the legends of Dean Swift have evidently come from some far earlier tradition of the Danes; the “ea” being often given the sound of “a” in Ireland.)

THE DEAN OF “Dean Swift was a great ST. PATRICK'S man; very sharp-tongued he was, and fond of women terribly. Himself and his man Jack went riding to some place and they went for shelter into a public house. There was a fire on the hearth and there were two men

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sitting beside it and they made no offer to move aside, where the Dean and Jack wore very simple clothes, knee breeches as the gentlemen used to do. So the Dean says to Jack, 'Did you put up the horses?' 'I did,' says Jack. 'What did you give them for a feed?' says the Dean. 'I gave them a feed of oysters,' says Jack. So when the two men heard that they went out for to look at the great wonder, the horses to be eating oysters. And when they came in, the Dean and Jack had their two places taken by the fire. The Dean was eating his dinner one time and he gave Jack but the bone with very little left on it. 'It is the sweetest bit that is next the bone,' says he. Well, a while after they were on the road, and he bade Jack to tie up his horse where he'd have a feed of grass. So Jack brought him to a big stone and tied his head to it. 'Why did you tie him in that place?' says the Dean. 'Sure you told me yourself,' says Jack, 'the sweetest of the grass is next the stone!' Some eggs Jack brought him one time, in his hand, just as you might be bringing them to a man out on a bog. 'Let you put a plate under everything you will bring from this out,' says the Dean. So the next morning when Jack brought up his boots, he had put a plate under them. The Dean sent Jack for a woman one night, and it was a black woman Jack brought up to the hotel, and the Dean never saw her till morning, and when he did he thought it was the devil. He sacked Jack

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that time. 'What were you sacked for?' says Jack's mother. 'It is that he sent me for a pullet and I brought back a hen,' says Jack. 'That's no great fault,' says the mother and she went to the Dean and said he had a right to take Jack back again, and so he did.'

A SON OF THE DEAN "There was a son of Dean Swift was a great rider, and the Dean made him a bet of two hundred pounds that he would not leap over the drop at the edge of the cliffs of Moher, where there is a wall close to the brink. But the son made a leap sideways over the wall, that was standing sideways the same as that press, and so he was over the drop in the leap, but he landed again on the ground. He won the two hundred pounds doing that. There was another son of the Dean that was called Fireball, and that used to put his own son standing out in the front of the house and an egg on his head, and he would fire his gun and put the two halves of the egg to different sides. Hadn't the son a great nerve to stand and let him do that? But Fireball said he would shoot him if he did not.'

THE WAR WITH AMERICA "The Americans stood out in the harbour of Boston and boycotted all before them. It was with the help of the French they beat the English. They were so weak they were afraid to sign the Inde-

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pendence, thinking the English might turn back, and it was an Irishman was the first to sign it. O'Carolan I think his name was."

THE VOLUNTEERS "A hundred thousand Volunteers there were. That was in 1792, the time England was at war with America, and the Volunteers were armed to keep off invasion. And when they got arms in their hands they asked for freedom. And the English came back then from America after being beat by General Washington, and they wanted to put down the Volunteers, so they promised them freedom, to make them lay down their arms. And no sooner had they laid down their arms than the English broke their word, just the same as they did at Limerick the time of Sarsfield and of the Treaty. Broke their word within three days, and the ink it was written with hardly dry."

IN GRATTAN'S TIME "There are Volunteers drilling in Gort now (1914) the same as in Grattan's time in 1793. The English were at war with America at that time, and if the Volunteers held to their arms, Ireland would be free. But the English made them disarm, being so witty and so keen, and what could they do then? Look at Carson the other day. They wanted him to do the same thing, but he said No, he'd hold to his arms."

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'NINETY-EIGHT " In the year '98 there were the Yeomanry that were the worst of all. The time Father Murphy was killed there was one of them greased his boots in his heart. There was one of them was called Micky the Devil in Irish; he never went out without the pitchcap and the triangle, and any rebel he would meet he would put gunpowder in his hair and set a light to it. The North Cork Militia were the worst; there are places in Ireland where you would not get a drink of water if they knew you came from Cork. And it was the very same, the North Cork, that went of their own free will to the Boer war, volunteered, asked to go that is. They had the same sting in them always. A great many of them were left dead in that war, and a great many better men than themselves. There was one battle in that war there was no quarter given, the same as Aughrim; and the English would kill the wounded that would be left upon the field of battle. There is no Christianity in war."

DENIS BROWNE " There is a tree near Denis Browne's house that used to be used for hanging men in the time of '98, he being a great man in that time, and High Sheriff of Mayo, and it is likely the gentlemen were afeared, and that there was bad work at nights. But one night Denis Browne was lying in his bed, and the Lord put it in his mind that there might be false information given against some that were innocent. So

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he went out and he brought out one of his horses into the lawn before the house, and he shot it dead and left it there. In the morning one of the butlers came up to him and said, 'Did you see that one of your horses was shot in the night?' 'How would I see that?' says he, 'and I not rose up or dressed?' So when he went out they showed him the horse, and he bade the men to bury it, and it wasn't two hours after before two of them came to him. 'We can tell you who it was shot the horse,' they said. 'It was such a one and such a one in the village, that were often heard to speak bad of you. And besides that,' they said, 'we saw them shooting it ourselves.' So the two that gave that false witness were the last two Denis Browne ever hung. He rose out of it after, and washed his hands of it all. And his big house is turned into a convent, and the tree is growing there yet. It is in the time of '98 that happened, a hundred years ago."

THE UNION "As to the Union, it was bought with titles. Look at the Bingham and the rest, they went to bed nothing, and rose up lords in the morning. The day it was passed Lady Castle-reagh was in the House of Parliament, and she turned three colours, and she said to her husband, 'You have passed your treaty, but you have sold your country.' He went and cut his throat after that. And it is what I heard from the old people, there was no priest in Ireland but voted for it,

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the way they would get better rights, for it was only among poor persons they were going at that time. And it was but at the time of the Parliament leaving College Green they began to wear the Soutane that they wear now. Up to that it was a bodycoat they wore and knee-breeches. It was their vote sent the Parliament to England, and when there is a row between them or that the people are vexed with the priest, you will hear them saying in the house in Irish, 'Bad luck on them, it was they brought misfortune to Ireland.' They wore the Soutane ever since that time."

ROBERT EMMET "The Government had people bribed to swear against Robert Emmet, and the same men said after, they never saw him till he was in the dock. He might have got away but for his attention to that woman. She went away after with a sea captain. There are some say she gave information. Curran's daughter she was. But I don't know. He made one request, his letters that she wrote to him in the gaol not to be meddled with, but the Government opened them and took the presents she sent in them, and whatever was best of them they kept for themselves. He made the greatest speech from the dock ever was made, and Lord Norbury on the bench, checking and clogging him all the time. Ten hours he was in the dock, and they gave him no more than one dish of water all that

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time; and they executed him in a hurry, saying it was an attack they feared on the prison. There is no one knows where is his grave.”

EMMET'S DRESS “It was a pity to hang so fine a man. I was looking at his picture a while ago, and his dress, very nice, knee breeches and a collar turned over, they dressed very nice in those days. But now you'll see a man having a thing stiff the same as a washboard in front of him, and one button in it, and you wouldn't know has he a soutane under it or anything at all. It is likely the linen Emmet was wearing was made at home, for I remember the days when every house had flax sowed in the garden. There was a man going to be hanged in Galway one time and his wife went to see him the night before, and all she said was, ‘Where will I sow the flax this year?’ He was vexed at that and he said, ‘Is that all you are come to say to me?’ ‘Is it that you are in a sulk because you are going to be hanged in the morning?’ says the wife. That was all she said.”

CURRAN'S DAUGHTER “Robert Emmet would have been let off if he would give up his cause but he would not, because he was a gentleman. And the night he was taken he could have made his escape. There was a boat waiting and a ship out at sea to bring him away into France. But he would not go without he could go say

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good-bye to Curran's daughter, and what good was there in that? Couldn't he have written a letter to her upon paper with a pen? But he would go see her himself; he was a gentleman and a grand man, and like all the great men of that time he was a strong Protestant. It is likely she was downhearted for a long while after losing him."

CURRAN "As to Curran he was a Judge, and there was a boy brought before him for stealing gooseberries, and he gave him three months in gaol. 'And now,' says he, 'it is likely you will put your curses on gooseberries.' 'I will, and on *Currans*,' says the boy. Wasn't he a smart boy to think of that? There was another smart lad was brought into Court as a witness, and before he was let take the oath they asked him did he know where he would go if he broke it. 'I do,' says he. 'Where's that?' says the Judge. 'To the same place where the lawyers go,' says he. For there was a man went to Heaven one time and he asked was there any lawyer there, and there was not one to be found."

O'CONNELL'S "O'Connell was a grand man, BIRTH and whatever cause he took in hand, it was as good as won. But what wonder? He was the gift of God. His father was a rich man, and one day he was out walking he took notice of a house that was being built. Well, a

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week later he passed by the same place, and he saw the walls of the house were no higher than before. So he asked the reason, and he was told it was a priest that was building it, and he hadn't the money to go on with. So a few days after he went to the priest's house and he asked was that true, and the priest said it was. 'Would you pay back the money to the man that would lend it to you?' says O'Connell. 'I would,' says the priest. So with that O'Connell gave him the money that was wanting—£50—for it was a very grand house. Well, after some time the priest came to O'Connell's house, and he found only the wife at home, so says he, 'I have some money that himself lent me.' But he had never told the wife of what he had done, so she knew nothing about it, and says she, 'Don't be troubling yourself about it, he'll bestow it on you.' 'Well,' says the priest, 'I'll go away now and I'll come back again.' So when O'Connell came, the wife told him all that had happened, and how a priest had come saying he owed him money, and how she had said he would bestow it on him. 'Well,' says O'Connell, 'if you said I would bestow it, I will bestow it.' And so he did. Then the priest said, 'Have you any children?' 'Ne'er a child,' said O'Connell. 'Well you will have one,' said he. And that day nine months their young son was born. So what wonder if he was inspired, being, as he was, the gift of God."

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THE TINKER “ O’Connell was a great man. I never saw him, but I heard of his name. One time I saw his picture in a paper, where they were giving out meal, where Mrs. Gaynor’s is, and I kissed the picture of him. They were laughing at me for doing that, but I had heard of his good name. There was some poor man, a tinker, asked help of him one time in Dublin, and he said, ‘ I will put you in a place where you will get some good thing.’ So he brought him to a lodging in a very grand house and put him in it. And in the morning he began to make saucepans, and he was making them there, and the shopkeeper that owned the house was mad at him to be doing that, and making saucepans in so grand a house, and he wanted to get him out of it, and he gave him a good sum of money to go out. He went back and told that to O’Connell, and O’Connell said, ‘ Didn’t I tell you I would put you in the way to get some good thing? ’ ”

A PRESENT “ There was a gentleman sent him a present one time, and he bade a little lad to bring it to him. Shut up in a box it was, and he bade the boy to give it to himself, and not to open the box. So the little lad brought it to O’Connell to give it to him. ‘ Let you open it yourself,’ says O’Connell. So he opened it, and whatever was in it blew up and made an end of the boy, and it would have been the same with O’Connell if he had opened it.”

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HIS STRATEGY “ O’Connell was a grand man; the best within the walls of the world. He never led anyone astray. Did you hear that one time he turned the shoes on his horses? There were bad members following him. I cannot say who they were, for I will not tell what I don’t know. He got a smith to turn the shoes, and when they came upon his track, he went east and they went west. Parnell was no bad man, but Dan O’Connell’s name went up higher in praises.”

THE MAN WAS GOING TO BE HANGED “ I saw O’Connell in Galway one time, and I couldn’t get anear him. All the nations of the world were gathered there to see him. There were a great many he hung and a great many he got off from death, the dear man. He went into a town one time, and into a hotel, and he asked for his dinner. And he had a frieze dress, for he was very simple, and always a clerk along with him. And when the dinner was served to him, ‘ Is there no one here,’ says he, ‘ to sit along with me; for it is seldom I ever dined without company.’ ‘ If you think myself good enough to sit with you,’ says the man of the hotel, ‘ I will do it.’ So the two of them sat to the dinner together, and O’Connell asked was there any news in the town. ‘ There is,’ says the hotel man, ‘ there is a man to be hung tomorrow.’ ‘ Oh, my!’ says O’Connell, ‘ what was it he did to deserve that?’ ‘ Himself and

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another that had been out fowling,' says he, 'and they came in here and they began to dispute, and the one of them killed the other, and he will be hung to-morrow.' 'He will not,' says O'Connell. 'I tell you he will,' says the other, 'for the Judge is come to give the sentence.' Well, O'Connell kept to it that he would not, and they made a bet, and the hotel man bet all he had on the man being hung. In the morning O'Connell was in no hurry out of bed, and when the two of them walked into the Court, the Judge was after giving the sentence, and the man was to be hung. '*Maisead*,' says the judge when he saw O'Connell, 'I wish you had been here a half-an-hour ago, where there is a man going to be hung.' 'He is not,' says O'Connell. 'He is,' says the judge. 'If he is,' says O'Connell, 'that one will never let anyone go living out of his hotel, and he making money out of the hanging.' 'What do you mean saying that?' says the judge. Then O'Connell took the instrument out of his pocket where it was written down all the hotelkeeper had put on the hanging. And when the judge saw that, he set the man free, and he was not hanged."

THE CUP OF THE "He was over in Eng-
SASSANACH land one time, and he was
brought to a party, and tea was made ready and
cups. And as they were sitting at the table, a
servant girl that was in it, and that was Irish,

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came to O'Connell and she said, 'Do you understand Irish, O'Connell?' It is in Irish she said that, and he answered her in Irish, 'I understand it.' 'Have a care,' says she, 'for there is in your cup what would poison the whole nation!' 'If that is true, girl, you will get a good fortune,' said he. It was in Irish they said all that, and the people that were in it had no ears. Then O'Connell quenched the candle, and he changed his cup for the cup of the man that was next him. And it was not long till the man fell dead. They were always trying to kill O'Connell, because he was a good man. The Sassanach it was were against him. Terrible wicked they were, and God save us, I believe they are every bit as wicked yet!"

A GRAND MAN "Is that O'Connell's picture up there? He is a grand man. Did I ever tell you of the way he saved the man that stole a horse? He came to a town and there was a man to be tried for stealing a horse, and the wife came to O'Connell asking him to get him off. And he said to the wife, 'There is but one way to get him off, and that is for yourself to join with the man that is against him, in swearing he did steal the horse. So in Court the woman got up and she said it was true he did steal it. Then O'Connell said to the Judge, 'It's easy see this woman and the man that accused him are great with one another, and they had a plan made up to hang

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the husband and to banish him out of the world.' And the Judge thought the same thing; so the husband was let off. Wasn't O'Connell a good man to think of that?"

IN THE WORKHOUSE "It was in London they tried to poison him," says an old woman in the Workhouse. "I saw the hotel where that was done." "What was the name of it?" said another old woman. "The Prince and Eagles. It is a good thing he had the Irish that time." "It is a good thing he had the Irish girl," says the first old woman. "He went through the whole world serving Ireland. All for Ireland he was. He got great cheering that day he was in Gort."

THE THOUSAND FISHERS "O'Connell came to Galway one time, and he sent for all the trades to come out with the sign of their trade in their hand, and he would see which was the best. And there came ten hundred fishers, having all white flannel clothes and black hats and white scarves about them, and he gave the sway to them. It wasn't a year after that, the half of them were lost, going through the fogs at Newfoundland, where they went for a better way of living."

WHAT THE OLD WOMEN SAW "The greatest thing I ever saw was O'Connell driving

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through Gort, very plain, and an oiled cap on him, and having only one horse; and there was no house in Gort without his picture in it.” “ O’Connell rode up Crow Lane and to Church Street on a single horse, and he stopped there and took a view of Gort.” “ I saw O’Connell after he left Gort going on the road to Kinvara, and seven horses in the coach—they could not get in the eighth. He stopped, and he was talking to Hickman that was with me. Shiel was in the coach along with him.”

A SONG MADE “ The Turks and the Greeks
IN IRISH BY are striking at one another,
RAFTERY FOR and thousands will be lost on
THE CLARE this side and that. The
ELECTION IN English and the French will
1829 WHEN be taking aim at one another,
DANIEL and Ireland will be lighted
O’CONNELL with the edge of swords. I
CAME OUT pray to Jesus who suffered
ON TOP on a Friday that I may
never go to death till the time comes when every
side of them will be hitting at one another and
till we’ll get our pleasure of the Orangemen. If
all that is written about Ireland is true, it is long
till our asking will be brought to a head,
‘ Emancipation ’ to be brought under seal; leave
for the Gael to be as high as the Gall. It is said
by Sheil and Lawless, by O’Connell and O’Gor-
man, that we’ll get satisfaction without much

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delay. The Thistle will wither and the bloom fall from it; the Lion will be on the ground and no strength in him. For it is long it was given out that the bright day would come, when the Harp would play to us in the year of the Nine. Guns and fires and bonfires will be with us to-morrow, and it is time. Since O'Connell got the victory over the enemy the blossoms will open and there will be fruit upon the trees. In the county of Clare there are nobles and high princes shaking the hand and making sport. But we will be rocking under the quart till we'll drink the health of all the men from Aran as far as Inchiquin."

O'CONNELL'S " O'Connell wore his hat in the
HAT English House of Commons, what no man but the King can do. He wore it for three days because he had a sore head, and at the end of that they bade him put it off, and he said he would not, where he had worn it three days."

THE CHANGE " O'Connell was a great
HE MADE Councillor. At that time if there was a Catholic, no matter how high or great or learned he was, he could not get a place. But if a Protestant came that was a blockhead and ignorant, the place would be open to him. There was a revolution rising because of that, and O'Connell brought it into the House of Commons

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and got it changed. He was the greatest man ever was in Ireland. He was a very clever lawyer; he would win every case, he would put it so strong and clear and clever. If there were fifteen lawyers against him—five and ten—he would win it against them all, whether the case was bad or good.”

THE MAN HE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE “ Corly, that burned his house in Burren, was very bad, and it was O’Connell brought him to the gallows. The only case O’Connell lost was against the Macnamaras, and he told them he would be even with them, and so when Corly, that was a friend of theirs, was brought up he kept his word. There was no doubt about him burning the house, it was to implicate the Hynes he did it, to lay it on them. There was a girl used to go out milking at daybreak, and she awoke, and the moon was shining, and she thought it was day, and got up and looked out, and she saw him doing it.”

THE BINDING “ O’Connell was a great man, wide big arms he had. It was he left us the cheap tea; to cheapen it he did, that was at that time a shilling for one bare ounce. His heart is in Rome and his body in Glasnevin. A lovely man, he would put you on your guard; he was for the country, he was all for Ireland.”

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HIS MONUMENT “There is a nice monument put up to O’Connell in Ennis, in a corner it is of the middle of a street, and himself high up on it, holding a book. It was a poor shoemaker set that going. I saw him in Gort one time, a coat of O’Connell’s he had that he chanced in some place. Only for him there would be no monument; it was he gathered money for it, and there was none would refuse him.”

A PRAISE MADE FOR DANIEL O’CONNELL BY OLD WOMEN AND THEY BEGGING AT THE DOOR “Dan O’Connell was the best man in the world, and a great man surely; and there could not be better than what O’Connell was. It was from him I took the pledge and I a child, and kept it ever after. He would give it to little lads and children, but not to any aged person. Pilot trousers he had and a pilot coat, and a grey and white waistcoat. O’Connell was all for the poor. See what he did at Saint Patrick’s Island—he cast out every bad thing and every whole thing, to England and to America and to every part. He fought it well for every whole body. A splendid monument there is to him in Ennis, and his fine top coat upon him. A lovely man; you’d think he was alive and all, and he having his hat in his hand. Everyone kneels down on the steps of it and says a few prayers and walks away. It is as high as that tree below. If he was in Ireland

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now the pension would go someway right. He was the best and the best to everyone; he got great sway in the town of Gort, and in every other place. I suppose he has the same talk always; he is able to do for us now as well as ever he was; surely his mercy and goodness are in the town of Gort. He did good in the world while he was alive; he was a great man surely; there couldn't be better in this world I believe, or in the next world; there couldn't be better all over the world. He used to go through all nations and to make a fight for the poor; he gave them room to live, and used to fight for them too. There is no doubt at all he did help them, he was well able to do it."

RICHARD SHIEL "As to Shiel, he was small, dressed very neat, with knee-breeches and a full vest and a long-skirted coat. He had a long nose, and was not much to look at till he began to speak, and then you'd see genius coming out from him. His voice was shrill, and that spoiled his speech sometimes, when he would get excited, and would raise it at the end. But O'Connell's voice you would hear a mile off, and it sounded as if it was coming through honey."

THE TITHE "And the Tithes, the tenth of
WAR the land that St. Patrick and his Bishops had settled for their own use, it was to Protestants it was given. And there would have

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been a revolution out of that, but it was done away with, and it is the landlord has to pay it now. The Pope has a great power that is beyond all. There is one day and one minute in the year he has that power if it pleases him to use it. At that minute it runs through all the world, and every priest goes on his knees and the Pope himself is on his knees, and that request cannot be refused, because they are the grand jury of the world before God. A man was talking to me about the burying of the Tithes; up on the top of the Devil's Bit it was, and if you looked around you could see nothing but the police. Then the boys came riding up, and white rods in their hands, and they dug a grave, and the Tithes, some image of them, was buried. It was a wrong thing for one religion to be paying for the board of the clergy of another religion."

THE FIGHT AT "The Tithe War, that was CARRICKSHOCK the time of the fight at Carrickshock. A narrow passage that was in it, and the people were holding it against the police that came with the Proctor. There was a Captain defending the Proctor that had been through the Battle of Waterloo, and it was the Proctor they fired at, but the Captain fell dead, and fourteen police were killed with him. But the people were beat after, and were brought into court for the trial, and the counsel for the Crown was against them, Dougherty. They were tried

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in batches, and every batch was condemned, Dougherty speaking out the case against them. But O'Connell, that was at that time at Cork Assizes, heard of it, and he came, and when he got to the door the pony that brought him dropped dead. He came in and he took refreshment—bread and milk—the same as I am after taking now, and he looked up and he said, 'That is no law.' Then the judge agreed with him, and he got every one of them off after that; but only for him they would swing. The Tithes were bad, a farmer to have three stacks they's take the one of them. And that was the first time of the hurling matches, to gather the people against the Tithes. But there was hurling in the ancient times in Ireland, and out in Greece, and playing at the ball, and that is what is called the Olympian Games."

RAFTERY CALLS	“ Rise up, the fight is
TO THE CONNACHT	drawing to you; let ye
MEN TO JOIN IN	have sword and spear.
THE TITHE WAR	The lucky Five is at

hand. The two provinces of Munster are afoot and will not stop till Tithes are overthrown, and rents along with them. We to stand by Ireland the English Guard would be feeble, and every gap made easy. The Gall will be on their back without ever turning, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town; a judge and jury in the Courthouse for the Catholics; England dead

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and the crown upon the Gael. There is many a fine man at this time under sentence from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea; fair-haired boys wandering and departing from the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards will turn and we'll have a good hand. The trump will stand on the board we play at. Let ye have courage. It is a fine story I have. Ye will gain the day in every quarter from the Sassanach. Let ye strike the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he would put success for you on the Cause we plead."

THE BIG WIND "As to the Big Wind, I was on my elder sister's back going to a friend beyond, and when I was coming back it was slacked away, and I was wondering at the holes in the houses." "I was up to twelve year at the time of the Big Wind that was in '39, and I was over at Roxborough with my father that was clearing timber from the road, and your father came out along the road, and he was wild seeing the trees and rocks whipped up into the sky the way they were with the wind. But what was that to the bitter time of the Famine that came after?"

THE FAMINE "The Famine; there's a long telling in that, it is a thing will be remembered always. That little graveyard above, at that time it was filled full up of bodies; the Union had no

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way to buy coffins for them. There would be a bag made, and the body put into it, that was all; and the people dying without priest, or bishop, or anything at all. But over in Connemara it was the dogs brought the bodies out of the houses, and asked no leave."

MORE ABOUT "The world is better now than THE FAMINE what it was, for I remember the time I saw men dying out of their standing with the hunger, I seen two brothers dying in a little corner of a field, and nothing around them only the wall. I seen women watching the hen to lay an egg that they'd bring it into the market to get kitchen for the children, and they couldn't put one on the fire. I saw three men transported for sheepstealing, and I saw twenty-eight legs of mutton taken out of the garden of one of them. To salt them they did, and to put them in a cellar in the ground. It was to New South Wales these two were sent, and they were put to work in a gold mine. And at their death there was sent back to their family four thousand pounds in money. But when it was got in no good way it did not last, it went to the bad like the froth of the stream. There was a woman in the time of the Famine and she was dying for the want of food, and she with six or seven pounds that was in sovereigns tied about her neck, and a farthing along with them. But she would not break a sovereign to take a shilling out of it.

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And a rat came up and ate the thread, and brought away the sovereigns to its hole, but the farthing it left outside. That is a true story. It is up in the mountains the woman was. There was a fool at Burren, Egan his name was, he always went barefoot. And if I would be praising a pair of boots he would say, 'This is a better sole,' and he would turn up the sole of his foot and say, 'It lasted since the year of the Black Potatoes,' for that was the year of his birth.'

AT THE TIME OF "As to the Martins of
THE FAMINE Ballinahinch, there got to be a debt on it, and Tom Martin borrowed two barrels of gold from the Law Life Company. They were brought to the house at Ballinahinch, and it was at the time of the Famine and Tom Martin's tenants were carried away by the hundred to the Poorhouse at Clifden. And he went to see did they get any sort of good attendance or nourishment, and they did not get it. And he took the fever and went home and took to his bed and they got nurses for him. And after his death there was no sign of the two barrels of gold. Some said the Missis took the one of them, and it might have been the daughter and the man she married took the other. It is the way the estate went. The Colonel, Tom Martin's father, went travelling through England and France and Spain and Portugal spending money in every place. One time he stopped so long away his

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wife that he left at home went away with some rich man, I forget his name. They went to his house that was between Oughterard and Galway. She stopped in that house and never went out of it, fearing that Colonel Martin might come back and that if he knew she was in it he would take the life of the man she was with. And when the Colonel came back and found the wife gone he went looking for her, and he never could get a sight of her because she was shut up in the house, and he knew if he went to it he would not be let in. He knew well she was there, but he had no proof. And one day he met with a pedlar that was carrying little things for sale in a kishoge, and he asked the pedlar to peel off his clothes and to give them to him in exchange for his own clothes. 'And I might meet you some other time again,' he said. So the pedlar peeled off his clothes and the Colonel put them on, and he took the kishoge and went to Galway and to—you know this yourself better than I can tell you—the best jeweller—and he filled the kishoge with every sort of gold things till it was full up, and then he went to the rich man's house and knocked at the gate and the servant girl came and opened it. He asked leave to come in then and he showed her the kishoge, and because such things as he had are dear to women, the girl let him as far as the kitchen. 'Ask your mistress to come look at the things,' he said then. 'Oh,' said the girl, 'I cannot do that for she is in her

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bed yet.' 'Bring them up then to the bed,' says he, 'and let her make her choice.' So the girl took the kishoge and went opening door after door going through the house, and the Colonel had but slippers—Oh, he was very clever! And he slipped on the slippers and went following her from door to door and she not hearing him following after her. They came then to the door where the lady was and she gave a jerk of her elbow to the man that was in the bed with her. 'If Martin is living,' she said, 'that is him walking.' The man jumped up then, and there was a table where he had three revolvers always on it. But the Colonel ran past the girl and took the revolvers from the table before he could reach them. Then he looked at his wife and at the man, and he said, 'I have seen you now and I have a witness. I might shoot you now,' he said, 'but I never like to shoot a man in his bed.' And he might have shot him, for there was no law in the country to prevent him doing it. And he turned and walked out of the house, and the gold things he had he gave them to the girl. He went then to Galway and took the law against the rich man and he took the barrel of gold from him, full of sovereigns and half sovereigns that it was past counting and went by weight. And he sent for Tim Hart that was in his employment and he said, 'Get a car and drive through all the streets of Galway and scatter that to every poor person that is in the streets.' So Tim Hart got the car and put the

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barrel on it and went scattering the gold through the streets. The rich man, now, had set a man having a pistol at every street corner to kill Colonel Martin before he could leave the town. But when they saw the great relief that came to Galway and to every poor person with the scattering of the gold their heart changed in them, and every one of them put up his pistol and turned away. Tim Hart came back then and told the Colonel he had scattered all the gold. 'Did you keep none of it for yourself?' said the Colonel. 'I did not,' said he. 'Then you will never live to be rich,' said he, 'where you didn't put some of it in your own pocket.' And I remember my father telling me he saw Tim Hart, an old man and a poor man, gathering seaweed at that strand beyond like any other one. As to the wife, she outlived the Colonel. And when her death was near she came to her son Tom, at the house of Ballinahinch, and offered him to redeem the property if he would let her in to die at home. But he would not let her in. The Colonel was followed from Galway another time by bailiffs, and they had three of the best horses in Galway following him, but they could not come up with him on his little grey mare."

THE CHOLERA "The cholera was worse again. It came from foreign, and it lasted a couple of years, till God drove it out of the country. It is often I saw a man ploughing the

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garden in the morning till dinner time, and before evening he would be dead. It was as if on the wind it came, there was no escape from it; on the wind, the same as it would come now and would catch on to pigs. Sheds that would be made out in the haggards to put the sick in; they would turn as black as your coat. There was no one could go near them without he would have a glass of whiskey taken, and he wouldn't like it then."

A LONG REMEMBERING "The longest thing I remember is the time of the sickness, and my father that was making four straw mats for four brothers that died, and that couldn't afford coffins. The bodies were put in the mats and were tied up in them. And the second thing I remember is the people digging in the stubble after the oats and the wheat to see would they meet a potato, and sometimes they did, for God sent them there."

RAFTERY'S SONG FOR THE WHITEBOYS "I promise ye, whichever of ye will be living, that the 'Ribbonmen' will get the price of their health they lost, sitting up every whole night under frost, under snow and under rain. There will be no rent to pay from this out to the King. There will be no talk of Tithes or anything of the sort, there will be no price on the land. The Sannanach vexed and defeated, and

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the Children of the Gael will get the upper hand. Let ye stand close, let ye not go back. Let ye break your way through the Guard. There will come relief and victory to us without delay; and the Son of God will put down our enemy."

THE TERRY ALTS "The Terry Alts were a bad class; everything you had they'd take from you. It was against herding they began to get the land, the same as at the present time. And women they would take; a man maybe that hadn't a perch of land would go to a rich farmer's house and bring away his daughter. And I, supposing, to have some spite against you, I'd gather a mob and do every bad thing to destroy you. That is the way they were, a bad class and doing bad deeds. One of them went to confession to the priest, that asked him how many crimes did he do, and he said, 'I was at thirteen killings between Clare and Connaught.' He met with a dreadful death. His tongue came four inches out, that neither priest nor doctor could put it in."

THE '48 TIME "Thomas Davis was a great man where poetry is concerned, and a better than Thomas Moore. All over Ireland his poetry is, and he would have done other things but that he died young. That was the '48 time. The '48 men were foolish men; they thought to cope

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with the English Government. They went to O'Connell to get from him all the money he had gathered, for they had it in their head to use that to make a rise against England. But when they asked O'Connell for it he told them there was none of it left, not one penny. Buying estates for his children he used it, and he said he spent it on a monastery. I don't know was he speaking truth. Mahon made a great speech against him, and it preyed on O'Connell, and he left the country and went away and died in some place called Genoa. He was a very ambitious man, like Napoleon. He got Emancipation; but where is the use of that? There's Judge O'Brien, Peter the Packer, was calling out and trying to do away with trial by jury. And he would not be in his office or in his billet if it wasn't for O'Connell. They didn't do much after, where they didn't get the money from O'Connell. And the night they joined under Smith O'Brien they hadn't got their supper. A terrible cold night it was, no one could stand against it. Some bishop came from Dublin, and he told them to go home, for how could they reach with their pikes to the English soldiers that had got muskets. The soldiers came, and there was some firing, and they were all scattered. As to Smith O'Brien, there was ten thousand pounds on his head, and he hid for a while. Then at the last he went into the town of Clonmel, and there was a woman there in the street was a huckster, and he bade

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her give him up to the Government, for she would never earn money so easy. But for all he was worth she wouldn't do that. So then he went and gave himself up, and he was sent to Australia, and the property was given to his brother. There were great inventions made in these days, but the poems are not so good as in the old times, when Thomas Davis was writing or Tommy Moore."

A THING " Mitchell was kept in
MITCHELL SAID Clonmel gaol two years before he was sent to Australia. He was a Protestant, and a very good man. He said in a speech, where was the use of meetings and of talking? It was with the point of their bayonet the English would have to be driven out of Ireland. It was Mitchell said that."

THE FENIAN " It was a man from America
RISING it came with. There was one Mackie was taken in a public-house in Cork, and there was a policeman killed in the struggle. Judge O'Hagan was the judge when he was in the dock, and he said, ' Mr. Mackie, I see you are a gentleman and an educated man; and I'm sorry,' he said, ' that you did not read Irish history.' Mackie cried when he heard that, for indeed it was all spies about him, and it was they gave him up."

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A GREAT “The greatest wonder I ever saw
WONDER was one time near Kinvara at a funeral, there came a car along the road and a lady on it having a plaid cloak, as was the fashion then, and a big hat, and she kept her head down and never looked at the funeral at all. I wondered at her when I saw that, and I said to my brother it was a strange thing a lady to be coming past a funeral and not to look on at it at all. And who was on the car but O’Gorman Mahon, escaping from the Government, and dressed up as a lady! He drove to Father Arthur’s house in Kinvara, and there was a boat waiting, and a cousin of my own in it, to bring him out to a ship, and so he made his escape.”

ANOTHER “I saw Clerkenwell prison in London broken up in the time of the Fenians, and every ship and steamer in the whole of the ocean stopped. The prison was burned down, and all the prisoners consumed, and seven doctors’ shops along with it.”

FATHER MATHEW “Father Mathew was a great man, plump and red in the face. There couldn’t be better than what he was. I knew one Kane in Gort he gave a medal to, and he kept it seventy years. Kane was a great totaller, and he wouldn’t drink so much as water out of a glass, but out of a cup; the glass might have been used for porter at some time. He lost the

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medal, and was in a great way about it, but he found it five years after in a dung-heap. A great totaller he was. Them that took the medal from Father Mathew and that kept it, at their death they would be buried by men dressed in white clothes."

THE WAR OF " My husband was in the war
THE CRIMEA of the Crimea. It is terrible
the hardships he went through, to be two months
without going into a house, under the snow in
trenches. And no food to get, maybe a biscuit
in the day. And there was enough food there,
he said, to feed all Ireland; but bad management,
they could not get it. Coffee they would be
given, and they would be cutting a green bramble
to strive to make a fire to boil it. The dead
would be buried every morning; a big hole would
be dug, and the bodies thrown in, and lime upon
them; and some of the bodies would be living
when they were buried. My husband used to try
to revive them if he saw there was life in them,
but other lads wouldn't care—just to put them
down and have done. And they were allowed to
take nothing—money, gold watches, and the like,
all thrown in the ground. Sure they did not care
much about such things, they might be lying in
the same place themselves to-morrow. But the
soldiers would take the money sometimes and put
it in their stocking and tie the stocking below
the ankle and below the knee. But if the officer

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knew that, they would be courtmartialed and punished. He got two medals—one from the English and one from the Emperor of Turkey. Fighting for the Queen, and bad pay she gave him. He never knew what was the war for, unless it might be for diminishing the population. We saw in the paper a few years ago there was a great deal of money collected for soldiers that had gone through hardship in the war, and we wrote to the War Office asking some of it for him. But they wrote back that there were so many young men crippled in the Boer war there was nothing to be spared for the old. My husband used to be saying the Queen cared nothing for the army, but that the King, even before he was King, was better to it. But I'm thinking from this out the King will get very few from Ireland for his army. Stephen Burke was in the war against the Russians, three nations against them, and they were the best of all. He'd frighten you talking of it. Where he was they had dykes dug, and to be waiting till the day came and as many as sheep in a field you'd see the Russians firing."

GARIBALDI "There was one of my brothers died at Lyons in France. He had a place in Guinness's brewery, and earning £3 10s. a week, and it was the time Garibaldi, you might have heard of, was out fighting. There came a ship to Dublin from France, calling for soldiers, and

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he threw up his place, and there were many others threw up their place, and they went off, eleven hundred of them, in the French ship, to go fighting for their religion, and a hundred of them never came back. When they landed in France they were made much of and velvet carpets spread before them. But the war was near over then, and when it had ended they were forgotten, and nothing done for them, and he was in poverty at Lyons and died. It was the nuns there wrote a letter in French telling that to my mother. And Napoleon the Third fought for the Pope in the time of Garibaldi. A great many Irishmen went out at that time, and the half of them never came back. I met with one of them that was in Russell's flour stores, and he said he would never go out again if there were two hundred Popes. Bad treatment they got—black bread, and the troops in the Vatican well fed; and it wasn't long till Victor Emanuel's troops made a breach in the wall."

THE "Napoleon the First was a BUONAPARTES great man; it was given out of him there never would be so great a man again. But he hadn't much education, and his penmanship was bad. Every great man gave in to superstition. He gave into it when he went to ask the gipsy woman to divine, and she told him his fate. Through fire and a rock she said that he would fall. I suppose the rock was St.

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Helena, and the fire was the fire of Waterloo. Napoleon was the terror of England, and he would have beat the English at Waterloo but for treachery, the treachery of Grouchy. It was, maybe, not his fault he was treacherous, he might be the same as Judas, that had his treachery settled for him four thousand years before his birth. But Boney's play was fair play. He tried to make his escape from St. Helena in a barrel. He passed two sentries but he was stopped by the third; he that had found the world too small for him. Napoleon the Third was not much. He died in England, and was buried in a country churchyard much the same as Kiltartan. There was a curse on him because of what Napoleon the First had done against the Church. He took Malta one time and landed there, and by treachery with the knights he robbed a church that was on the shore, and carried away the golden gates. In an ironclad he put them that was belonging to the English, and they sank that very day, and were never got up after, unless it might be by divers. And two Popes he brought into exile. But he was the friend of Ireland, and when he was dying he said that. His heart was smashed, he said, with all the ruling Princes that went against him; and if he had made an attack on Ireland, he said, instead of going to Moscow the time he did, he would have brought England low. And the Prince Imperial was trapped. It was the

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English brought him out to the war, and that made the nations go against him, and it was an English officer led him into the trap the way he never would come to the Throne.”

THE ZULUS “I was in the army the time of the Zulu war. Great hardship we got in it and plenty of starvation. It was the Dutch called in the English to help them against the Zulus, that were tricky rogues, and would do no work but to be driving the cattle off the fields. A pound of raw flour we would be given out at seven o'clock in the morning, and some would try to make a cake, and some would put it in a pot with water and be stirring it, and it might be eleven o'clock before you would get what you could eat, and not a bit of meat maybe for two days.”

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON “There was a young Napoleon there, the grandson of Napoleon the First, that was a great man indeed. I was in the island where he was interred; it is a grand place, and what is not natural in those parts, there are two blackthorn bushes growing in it where you go into the place he was buried. And as to that great Napoleon, the fear of him itself was enough to kill people. If he was living till now it is hard to say what way would the world be. It is likely there'd be no English left in it, and it would be all France. The young Napoleon

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was at the Zulu war was as fine a young man as you'd wish to lay an eye on; six feet four, and shaped to match. As to his death, there was things might have been brought to light, but the enquiry was stopped. There was seven of them went out together, and he was found after, lying dead in the ground, and his top coat spread over him. There came a shower of hail-stones that were as large as the top of your finger, and as square as diamonds, and that would enter into your skull. They made out it was to save himself from them that he lay down. But why didn't they lift him in the saddle and bring him along with them? And the bullet was taken out of his head was the same every bit as our bullets; and where would a Zulu get a bullet like that? Very queer it was, and a great deal of talk about it, and in my opinion he was done away with because the English saw the grandfather in him, and thought he would do away with themselves in the time to come. Sure if he spoke to one of them, he would begin to shake before him, officers the same as men. We had often to be laughing seeing that."

A DECENT WAR "This is not a natural war (1915), but shooting from the air and from the depths of the sea. The Zulu war was a decent war that I was in. Six hundred of the blacks we killed one time, and took eight hundred of their cattle. They were let get them back after,

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if they would pay seven pounds for each head of cattle, and that was divided among the soldiers. After the fight was over Lord Roberts gave us a week to enjoy ourselves, and there was a house and all ready for us. Wasn't he a great man to do that? "

PARNELL " Parnell was a very good man, and a just man, and if he had lived to now, Ireland would be different to what it is. The only thing ever could be said against him was the influence he had with that woman. And how do we know but that was a thing appointed for him by God? Parnell had a back to him, but O'Connell stood alone. He fought a good war in the House of Commons. Parnell did a great deal, getting the land. He wouldn't like at all that you'd wrong the poor. I often heard he didn't die at all—it was very quick for him to go. I often wondered there were no people smart enough to dig up the coffin and to see what is in it, at night they could do that. No one knows in what soil Robert Emmet was buried, but he was made an end of sure enough. Parnell went through Gort one day, and he called it the fag-end of Ireland, just as Lady Morgan called the North the Athens of Ireland."

THE ILL LUCK OF IRELAND " Parnell was good, but he lost his character and disgraced his name. It was may be the ill luck of

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Ireland brought him in the way of that woman; set down for him it was. I heard a priest say at the altar he would go from sea to Shannon with Parnell, and that he was a man never told a lie. The priests used to go about linked with him at that time. And after the Kitty O'Shea business I knew a priest said at the altar he would not give his boots to be blacked by a Parnellite woman. What call had they to come down on him with that, and he not of their religion? They annoyed Parnell greatly. But if they did, he did wrong himself. Why couldn't he have married some lady or even a servant girl in the house? There was a friend of mine telling me he saw Captain O'Shea one time, and that he was a very fine man, a finer man than Parnell."

HIS LAST FIGHT "The time I heard Parnell was after the priests all went against him, and he said he himself would fight it single-handed out. I heard him at a meeting in Ennis, it is one of the last he held. He was not eloquent and he was feeble at the time, but he got great cheering. I heard John Dillon speaking against him in Gort, that was at the time of the split. He brought down O'Shea's wife on him and said he ought not to be left at large. The people did not like that and they hooted at the end, and he was vexed and he said he could buy the whole of them for half a pint of porter. He gave his life and his health for the people and he had no

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trickery, and his grandfather like him would not be bought at the time of the Union. Gladstone threw a stone at him too. He died a bankrupt and Avondale was sold. But as to his burial, there are some say he never was buried at all. Every great man has his limit and there he must fall—that is what the High Priest came out and told Constantine that had put down all the world and that went to Jerusalem. The High Priest told him that, and when and where he would fall. And he put on him the name of the Skipping Goat.”

MR. GLADSTONE “Gladstone had the name of being the greatest statesman of England, and he wasn’t much after all. At the time of his death he had it on his mind that it was he threw the first stone at Parnell, and he confessed that, and was very sorry for it. But sure there is no one can stand all through. Look at Solomon that had ten hundred wives, and some of them the finest of women, and that spent all the money laid up by Father David. And Gladstone encouraged Garibaldi the time he attacked the Vatican, and gave him arms, Parnell charged him with that one time in the House of Commons, and said he had the documents, and he hadn’t a word to say. But he was sorry at Parnell’s death, and what was the use of that when they had his heart broke? Parnell did a great deal for the Irish, and they didn’t care after; they

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are the most displeasing people God ever made, unless it might be the ancient Jews.”

QUEEN VICTORIA'S "Queen Victoria was RELIGION loyal and true to the Pope; that is what I was told, and so is Edward the Seventh loyal and true, but he has got something contrary in his body. It is when she was a girl she put on clothes like your own—lady's clothes—and she went to the Pope. Did she turn Catholic? She'd be beheaded if she did; the Government would behead her; it is the Government has power in England.”

HER WISDOM "As to the last Queen, we thought her bad when we had her, but now we think her good. She was a hard woman, and she did nothing for Ireland in the bad years; but I'll give you the reason she had for that. She had it in her mind always to keep Ireland low, it being the place she mostly got her soldiers. That might not be good for Ireland, but it was good for her own benefit. The time the lads have not a bit to eat, that is the time they will go soldiering.”

WAR AND MISERY "The old Queen never stretched out her hand to the poor, or if she did I never heard of it, and I am old enough to hear many histories. There was war and misery going on all through her reign. It was

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the Boer war killed her, she being aged, and seeing all her men going out, and able to do nothing. Ten to one they were against the Boers. That is what killed her. It is a great tribute to the war it did that."

KING EDWARD "The present King is very good. He is a gentleman very fond of visiting, and well pleased with every class of people he will meet."

THE OLD AGE "The old age pension is very PENSIONS good, and as to taxes, them can't pay it that hasn't it. It is since the Boer War there is coin sent back from Africa every week that is dug from the goldpits out there. That is what the English wanted the time they went to war; they want to close up the minerals for themselves. If it wasn't for the war, that pension would never be given to Ireland. They'd have been driven home by the Boers if it wasn't for the Irish that were in the front of every battle. And the Irish held out better too, they can starve better than the rest, there is more bearing in them. It wasn't till all the Irish were killed that the English took to bribing. Bribed Botha they did with a bag of gold. For all the generals in England that are any good are Irish. Buller was the last they had, and he died. They can find no good generals at all in England, unless they might get them very young."

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ANOTHER THOUGHT “It was old money was in the Treasury idle, and the King and Queen getting old wanted to distribute it in the country it was taken from. But some say it was money belonging to captains and big men that died in the war and left no will after them. Anyway it is likely it will not hold; and it is known that a great many of those that get it die very soon.”

A PROPHECY “It is likely there will be a war at the end of the two thousand, that was always foretold. And I hear the English are making ships that will dive the same as diving ducks under the water. But as to the Irish Americans, they would sweep the entire world; and England is afraid of America, it being a neighbour.”

THE GREAT WAR : “There will not be a
THE OLD PEOPLE man left in Gort. They
SAY : are being tracked for
the reserve and as out-soldiers. It is in Mayo
the war began. There were guns in a house,
and information was given and they were
brought away, and those they were brought from
began burning and scalding. That is the way
the fight began, and now there are five nations
in it. This war was prophesied hundreds of
years ago by Columcille and it will not leave a
man living in Ireland. The King—no one knows

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is he for or against it, but he is but one man and what can he do? A King has no leave to get his own way. Look at Charles the Second how they whipped the head of him. Look at the reverses Napoleon had and he got the better of them, he having a heart of marble.”

UP IN SLIEVE “ Priests we have, giving a
ECHTGE Mission, we are going there every night. They have great talk of the war. It is the English they say will be defeated and put down. They bade the boys to keep silent for a while, where a whole fleet of them, seventy or eighty, were out drilling in the fields every night. Guns they were expecting and they had clothes down. But there is no drilling since the war, and they are not in it, for they are in dread they will be brought away by the Press. And the Priest said to keep silent that they would not be brought away, and to see what way would it turn out. He talked of the Boer war too, and he said that at the end of it there used to be but two men fighting one another in a field. And it will be the same in this war he said, for they are cutting down men the same as a field of corn. I heard the old people saying Buonaparte was coming to land in Ireland one time, and when he was half way he turned back. And I pray to the Lord it will be the same with these, for they are very wicked and are killing all before them.”

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AN OLD MAN SAYS: "They say the Germans will be coming here. If they do break in I suppose we must go on their side or it'll be worse for us." But his old wife says from her bed, "Ah, what about them? We have but the one death. We have not two deaths to die."

THE GERMANS "Sure the Germans marched through Paris victorious in Bismarck's time, and they demanded all before them, and the best of the ladies of Paris had to throw them out their gold bracelets. For the Germans are a terribly numerous race. MacMahon said of them they were coming up every day like a swarm of flies. Whatever number of them were killed they would be coming next day as if out of the ground, the same as a second resurrection."

THE ENGLISH LAW "A man at Duras was telling me that the English will not be put down till the time the sea will get dry, and it is as well, for without their law in the country the Irish would have one another ate and killed. But the Germans are like starlings going through the air, and the prophecy of Columcille is coming true that the time would come when an old man would be turned three times in the bed to know could he show garrison duties in the barracks and to know could he go to the war when the best soldiers would be gone. In the Crimea it was in a song that the Russians were coming on ahead,

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and in no dread, but that the English would put them to fear in no time."

THE GERMAN "I remember the war of the PRISONERS Crimea; it was the French gained that for the English. It was a great war and lasted two and a half years, but if it did there was only a field day once a week, but now they are fighting day and night. If I was the English I wouldn't be bringing German prisoners into England, or as they're doing in Tipperary. I'd put a bullet through the head of every damn one of them. Sure to be reading of them in the papers and the way they are killing nuns and priests would rise the hair on your head. And what nature now have they for us over the Belgians?"

THE KAISER'S SON "Isn't the Kaiser terrible to send his son out fighting till he got his death? A fine young man. It would be better have sent him on a pleasure trip to London."

THE PURPOSE "A man of the name of OF GOD Hanrahan was telling me the Germans have near enough of it, and it's time for them to be put down, destroying all in streets and in the deep sea. Things they have the size of turnips, and they burst up and blow all through the elements. But all that is drowned or killed or is a corpse laid down in the ground will come before God at the last day in his own uniform. Every man will be a scholar that time,

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and will be able to read all we did in our life, that will be written in our forehead. But it is not in the purpose of God that anyone he made would be destroyed, as it is well He earned them. And it's often I said after going to the chapel, 'If it wasn't for the priests beckoning hell to us what way would they get their living? There's no one would give them a halfpenny.' ”

IN THE PROPHECIES “Isn't the war terrible! The oldest people in the world are saying it is the worst that was ever in the world. It was in the prophecies long ago. And there was a priest prophesied it would come as far as Kilchriest and the Cross would be lifted up there and it would stop. They are fighting out in some place where Saint John used to be, and there is a monument to him. And the Germans were firing night and day at that monument but they could not hit it, and no shot anchored in it at all. I wonder will the Lord put out His hand to stop it? And it would be a pity for it to come to Ireland, for we had fighting enough here, and what will we do if it comes into Ireland? And the army itself wouldn't be the worst, but the scamps and schemers they send on ahead of them.”

IN BUONAPARTE'S
TIME —a great war. A great
shame any crowned head to have leave to bring

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such trouble into the world. There are a good many going away because they are fearing to be taken in spite of themselves. At the time of Buonaparte's wars there was good bounties given to the recruits at one time, £21 and a bottle of whiskey and a leg of mutton and a silver watch, all given into his hand before ever they'd take the oath. But one day a sergeant that was recruiting said, 'If you won't take it to-day you won't get it to-morrow.' And sure enough the next day they were taken by the Press, and put in tenders one on top of the other."

THE WAR OF "I often heard Maurteen's BUONAPARTE mother telling of the war of Buonaparte; and she said if you were hid down in the deepest hole of Ireland you should put your head up to see that war that was the greatest the world ever knew. £22 they would give a recruit that time in Loughrea, and he had to go through his right hand turn and his left hand turn. Old men the recruiting sergeant would take, and them that were upon one arm and one leg."

THE KAISER "The Kaiser was preparing for it this long time. He must be a terrible man, his five sons out with the army and himself out with it. And look at all they did in Belgium. That was the way in ancient Rome with an Emperor they called Domitian. Killing

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men all the day he was, and his valet catching flies for him to kill at night."

THAT SON OF SAGGARTON'S "It is a very threatening thing to go to the front of the war. In the old times they were not liable but to an odd day's war or a battle, but now they are fighting every day. It grieves me beyond measure to see that son of Saggarton's that came back dragging the foot after him. Sure they have the whole world killed, and how could you cross to America with mines and disturbances in the sea?"

THE JAPS "The Germans seemed to be making great headway, but the Austrians are making great complaints now with the scarcity of food, the bread so stale that they cannot stand with it. It is looking better now. The Japs are after giving them a sweep and it is likely all the other nations will give them a sweep. And indeed it is time to give them a check with their spies all over the world in every port and place."

KITCHENER'S MEN "The Germans are showing some slacking, but they're strong enough yet. Sure they were educated to the army, not like Kitchener's million men that if you would put a gun in their hand wouldn't hit a haycock. A lad that went out and came back was telling me if you put an egg on your

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head and let it fall it would frighten them. Devilment in the air and devilment on the earth and under the sea. It is the greatest war I ever saw. It has played with the world entirely; the people are all out of time. There is no one rightly ruined by it only the wretched poor."

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR "It is a good job the Germans are beat. Sure the Almighty God wouldn't be above without he'd have revenge on them. As to what brought about the war, there was too much of a population in it, and they wanted to gain more ground and they drew the war. Diving boats they have and flyboats in the air. The Kaiser thought he'd walk the world, like Napoleon at Waterloo. He drew a lot of trouble, he drew all that. There wouldn't be a just God in heaven if he didn't go mad or cut his throat."

ANOTHER OPINION "It was King George they say that got up the war. The Kaiser said that himself, that it was all settled at the daughter's wedding."

WANDERING MARY SAYS : "The war is terrible; there is a whole lot of nations carry on there that they didn't know at all. Indians there are in it, and the men from that island near America that is called Canada. But the English are very headstrong and they'll

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put them down yet. There is a priest going out there, a great man out and out. He says he'll go through them and he'll lose his life but he'll change them. He'll take the flag before them and the colours. That priest will hold up the Cross before them and they'll all die like chickens. They cannot break in on Ireland, there's a great victory turning against them. The Gipsies (Germans) is terrible; they are worse than the blacks, going up in the air and firing down and knocking. Worse than the blacks they are, it's of the Gipsies they got no good at all. I'm afraid it will do away with a great deal of people; the war is very bad and very strong. The Gipsies would not kill you out, they would only wound you. It's short God Almighty will be doing away with it, if some nation will come in and cut them down. There never since the world came a world was such a great war as this war. They are fighting night and day; all the men in Ireland will be brought out. They'll be pressed in the houses. Where there's three two will be taken, and where there's two one will be taken. There is not a house in the world but they're going out; sure I saw them going yesterday through Gort, knotted with bows and bits of paper upon their neck, and knots that is on their tails. It is the officers and the big heads and the gentlemen the Gipsies do be knocking. Lord Gough's son is in the hospital; it was the Gipsies that came at him. Knocking officers the way

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they'll break in on Ireland, that's the reason the war began. It's the biggest war that ever God created, knocking them down like chickens. Guns they have and balls filled with fire, they can shoot them as far as Loughrea. We'll be destroyed if they come to Ireland. There is nothing to save us unless that Ireland is blessed. The Pope even is blessing it. Sure out in foreign there is snakes and dirty things going about in it. I hope they will not destroy us, if the Lord gets settlement at all."

AGAIN : " The Gipsies are terrible ; didn't they burn the three best towns of England ; they to break with Ireland they'll burn it the same as England and put it up into the air. That building was the best out in the blessed land ; three hundred years it was building and I don't know was it four or five ; the best building out in France it was. They blew it and broke it down. There is many a sore heart through them ; they are the terriblest swarm that ever came in the world."

AGAIN : " Houlihan that went to the war yesterday, it's not likely he'll come back ; he was frightened going ; he is a weighty man. A handy man he was, he'd slate the house for you ; shearing people and cutting the hair ; he'd wash the dogs for the curates or turn down their bed, and shave the dead without charge. Down the lane

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they're lonesome after Houlihan. Terrible they are, there's not a ship going over or hither but they'll drown; it's on the paper the witness of it, they'll be drowned and swallowed down. There's no settlement or nothing, but always, always slaughtering. To die natural, and the priest and the doctor beside the bed, and a beautiful coffin after; what is that beside being thrown and murdered and killed and dead without shriving or a coffin, or to be drowned and swallowed down. It was prophesied women would reap the harvest, but God help the harvest women'll reap! What way could I myself take a hook in my hand? Sooner than to die by drowning I would face a bullet and ten guns. If ever I heard I was to get my death in that way I would pray to the Almighty to shoot me. They are going up in the air knocking down ships. It is the war that you never heard such a war in your life!"

THE BLACK AND TANS "There did two carloads of the Black and Tans come into the town late yesterday evening, they were a holy fright, shouting and firing. They broke into houses and searched them, and they searched the people in the street, women and girls too that were coming out from the chapel, that they came running down the street and in dread of their life. Then they went into Flanagan's to drink and got drunk there. It is terrible to let them

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do that. Look at Mahon's, they burned all the bedding in the house and every bit of money he had. And at Joyce's the same way, burned all in the house and nine acres of oats. They would have burned the hay but didn't see it. Mr. Martyn's beautiful hall they didn't leave a stone of, and at Ardahan the same way as at Mahon's they kept the boys running up and down the road for near an hour and a half, and they all but naked where they were chasing them up and down, and girls the same way. It is a holy crime. It is worse than Belgium. What call have they coming to us that have such a quiet little town?"

SOME BAD WORK "There was some bad work last night. Those Black and Tans that were in Clarenbridge went on to Maree that is a couple of miles further. They dragged three men out of their houses there, and shot them. They are not dead, they are wounded. Then they set fire to some of the houses and burned them down. They are savages; they are out for robbery."

A BURNING "The party that attacked the forge came about midnight. They began firing into the kitchen through the windows, but by the mercy of God no one was there. They broke in then and dragged the boys out, dragged them all out and set fire to the house. One of the

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soldiers told the wife to go back and save her money and her clothes and she was going in but a policeman dragged her back. They saved nothing at all. The Old Police are ashamed of them. They stopped a man the other day turning up the road and robbed him of fifty pounds. He had just sold his calves and was bringing the price of them home."

A SCOURGING "A man I had known this long time, an old Land Leaguer, came to the dispensary to get his back treated. I think there was hardly a worse scourging given to our Lord—the whole back black and blue with bruises and the blood drawn in some places. It was on the side of Slieve Echtge at Peterswell that happened. Other men there were beaten, one of them was thrown on a dungheap. A Black and Tan put one foot on his face to press it into the dung and another on his stomach, and then he and the others that were treated in the same way were thrown into the village well to wash themselves."

WANDERING MARY'S "Terrible people
THOUGHTS ABOUT the Black and Tans
THE BLACK AND TANS are in Gort and on
the roads. Robbing and shooting, and to break
down a house and to kill the man in it. They
rob the shops and kill the people; you can't have
a penny piece in your pocket. What makes them

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bad? Sure the badness being in themselves. To blacken their faces and their hands, and having revolvers in their pockets; their faces blacked as black as the bottom of them pots. Gort that's the quietest place in Ireland, and look what they did to Mrs. Quinn. The nicest woman that ever breathed was Mrs. Quinn to the poor. They can't be in it for ever, the police have a watch on them. There never was such a woeful time in my memory. You never seen the world the way it is now at all.

THE LONESOME ROAD “ They are terrible in Gort, and out and firing down the second next borean near Kelly's, and out on the borders of the town; and if they got people down the lonesome road what would they care about them? I was out gathering a faggot for the fire and two of them came up to me, soldiers, having black gaiters, and guns up to their shoulders. ‘ Have you any money? ’ they said. ‘ I have not, ’ I said; ‘ I havn't one penny if you gave me Ireland. ’ ‘ I wonder you wouldn't have some ha'pence to give us, ’ they said. But when they saw I had nothing they went away.

SHE HAS HEARD “ There will be peace.
GENERAL SMUTS And there's a man coming
IS COMING in the skies, a fine gentleman to see is Ireland all right. Sure in Gort you cannot be out in the evening, and you have to

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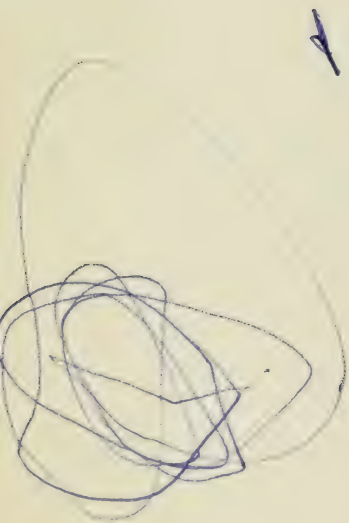
close down; and maybe you'll be shot through the door. It is terrible to see innocent children falling and roaring for want of earnings. And if the men are earning itself and out late they'll be shot. And the priests themselves afraid of their lives to go out of a night. There's damnation before you on the road; they'll hide in corners like wisps and be firing out at you. They left me when I had no money. What could they do with my body? Buckles round their waists, and shoes of different colours, red shoes and white. I don't like the way they are. The time they go out on horses there's a General before them and a General behind, and he having a sword on each side of him. Down the country and up about Connemara the people cannot sleep in the houses; they would be burned over them. It is a terrible time. You'd be afraid to be out late in Gort; you'd be afraid to be coming home. The man in the skies is settling down things; he is coming from very far out; from South Africa or maybe from India. There is gold buckles all over his clothes; there is gold rings in his ears. He'll settle down everything and he'll begin work. All drink will be stopped. Ah, let me alone! He is going through the world, through the skies above, and there is no one will see him till the day he'll land in Ireland."

AN OLD MAN'S "I tell you the English
PROPHECY (1923) will be back again and this

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Government put out. It is certain they will come back. It is in Columcille's prophecy. There was a Lord one time was with O'Brien in Dromoland, and O'Brien promised him whatever he would ask and he said, 'Give me the house of Dromoland and the lands.' So he agreed to that. But then he said he had some request to make, and the Lord said he would give it. And he said, 'Give me the house and the lands of Dromoland back again'; and he had to give it. That will be the way with the English. They gave up Ireland, but they have their two eyes fixed on it, till they will get it back again."

SOME BROADSHEET BALLADS OF
THE WARS



SOME BROADSHEET BALLADS OF THE WARS

IN THE
TIME
OF THE
STUARTS

THE BLACKBIRD

On a fair summer's morning of soft recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making great moan ;
With sighing and sobbing and sad lamentation,
A-saying " My Blackbird most royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me, reflections do
grieve me,
And I am overburdened with sad misery ;
Yet if death it should blind me as true love
inclines me,
My Blackbird I'd seek out wherever he be.

" Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.
But this false fortune, which still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me.
His name I'll advance in Spain and in France ;
And I'll seek out my Blackbird wherever he'll
be.

THE KILTARTAN

“ The birds of the forest they all met together—
The Turtle was chosen to dwell with the Dove ;
And I am resolved in fair or foul weather,
In winter or in spring for to seek out my love.
He is all my heart’s treasure, my joy and my
pleasure,
And justly my love, my heart shall follow thee ;
He is constant and kind, and courageous of mind ;
And bliss to my Blackbird wherever he be.

“ In England my Blackbird and I were together,
Where he was still noble and generous of heart ;
And woe to the time that he first went from
hither,
Alas, he was forced from thence to depart ;
In Scotland he is deemed, and highly esteemed,
In England he seemed a stranger to be ;
Yet his name shall remain in France and in Spain ;
All bliss to my Blackbird wherever he be.

“ It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
For though like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
I may still meet with friendship from one that’s a
stranger
Much more than from one that in England was
born.
Oh Heaven so spacious, to England be gracious,
Though some there be odious both to him and
to me ;
Yet joy and renown and laurel shall crown
My Blackbird with honour wherever he be.”

AT THE TIME
OF SARSFIELD
AND THE
WILD GEESE

SHULE AROON

I wish I were on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till every tear would turn a mill.
 Shule aroon, go gently, my love.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel.
To buy for my love a sword of steel :
 Shule aroon, go gently, my love.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
 Shule aroon, go gently, my love.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain :
 Shule aroon, go gently, my love.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance ;
If e'er he comes back it's but a chance.
 Shule aroon, go gently, my love.

THE KILTARTAN

IN
BUONAPARTE'S
TIME

THE BALLAD UNIVERSALLY KNOWN AS
THE BANKS OF THE NILE

The drums are beating, love, no longer can I
stay,
There's the bugle sounding that call I must obey ;
We are ordered out to Portsmouth, many a long
mile,
To join the British army on the Banks of the Nile.

Willie, dearest Willie, do not leave me here to
mourn—
You will make me curse and rue the day that
ever I was born ;
For the parting from you, my love, is the parting
of my life,
So stay at home, dear Willie, and I will be your
wife.

Oh, Nancy, lovely Nancy, that's a thing that
can't be so,
For our Colonel he gave orders that no woman
there can go ;
We must forsake our own sweethearts, likewise
our native soil,
To fight the Blacks and Negroes on the Banks
of the Nile.

HISTORY BOOK

Then I'll cut off my yellow locks and go along
with you,
I'll dress myself in velvet and gold and see the
Captain too;
I will fight and bear your banner while fortune
on us will smile,
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of
the Nile.

Your waist it is too slender and your fingers are
too small.
I fear you would not answer me when on you I
would call;
Your delicate constitution would not bear the
unwholesome clime—
The hot and sandy deserts on the banks of the
Nile.

My curse attend the war and the hour it began,
For it has robbed old Ireland of many a gallant
man;
It took from me my own sweetheart, the pro-
tection of our soil,
And their bloodstreams the grass does steep on
the banks of the Nile.

But when the war is over it's home we will return,
To our wives and sweethearts we left behind to
mourn;
We'll embrace them in our arms until the end
of time,
And we'll go no more to battle on the banks of
the Nile.

THE KILTARTAN

THE GREEN LINNET

Curiosity led a young native of Erin to view the
gay banks of the Rhine,
Where an Empress he saw. And the robe she
was wearing all over with diamonds did
shine;
No goddess in splendour was ever yet seen to
equal this fair maid so mild and serene,
In soft murmurs she cried, "Oh, my Linnet so
green, Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you
more?"

"The cold frosty Alps you freely passed over,
which Nature had placed in your way:
At Marengo, Bellona around you did hover; all
Paris rejoiced the next day.
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo;
the mountains you traversed all covered with
snow,
And the balance of power your courage laid low:
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?"

"The crowned heads of Europe they were in
great splendour and swore they would have
you submit;
But the goddess of freedom soon made them sur-
render, and lowered their standards to your
wit.
Old Frederick's colours to France you did bring;
his offspring found shelter under your wing;
That year at Vienna you sweetly did sing:
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more?"

HISTORY BOOK

“ What numbers of men there were eager to slay
you ! Their malice you viewed with a smile ;
Their gold though all Europe was found to
betray you ; they joined with the Mamelukes
on the Nile.

Like ravenous vultures their vile passions did
burn ; the orphans they slew and caused
widows to mourn ;

But my Linnet is gone and he ne'er will return :
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ?

“ I ranged through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
and could yet find no cure for my pain ;
I will go and inquire at the isle of St. Helena,
but soft whispers murmur ‘ 'Tis vain.’

Come, tell me, ye critics, come, tell me in time,
what nations I'll rove my Green Linnet to
find ; was he slain at Waterloo, in Spain or
on the Rhine ?

No ; he's dead on St. Helena's bleak shore.”

THE KILTARTAN

IN THE
NINETY-EIGHT
TIME

THE CROPPY BOY

'Twas early, early, all in the spring,
The pretty small birds began to sing ;
They sang so sweet and so gloriously,
And the tune they played was sweet liberty.

'Twas early, early, last Thursday night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright ;
The fright they gave was to my downfall :
I was prisoner taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in his guardhouse I was confined,
And in his parlour I was closely tried ;
My sentence passed and my spirits low,
And to Duncannon I was forced to go.

My sister Mary, in deep distress,
She ran downstairs in her morning dress,
Five hundred pounds she would lay down
To see me walking through Wexford town.

As I was walking the hills so high,
Who could blame me if I did cry ;
With a guard behind me and another before,
And my tender mother crying more and
more?

So farewell father, and mother too,
And sister Mary, I have but you ;
And if e'er I chance to return home
I'll whet my pike on those yeomen's bones.

FATHER MURPHY

At Boleyvogue as the sun was setting o'er the
green meadows of Shelmaliere,
A rebel band set the heather blazing and brought
the neighbours from far and near.
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormick,
spurred up the rock with a warning cry,
"Arm, arm," he cried, "for I've come to lead
you. Now priest and people must fight or
die!"

He led us on against the coming soldiers, the
cowardly yeomen he put to flight;
Down at the Harrow the boys of Wexford
showed Bookey's regiment how men could
fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
search every kingdom that breeds a slave;
For Father Murphy, of the County Wexford,
sweeps o'er the earth like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy, and Wexford
storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Slieve Coiltha our pikes were reeking
with the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis full many a
Hessian lay in his gore.
Oh, Father Murphy, had aid come over, the green
flag floated from shore to shore.

THE KILTARTAN

At Vinegar Hill, on the pleasant Slaney, our
heroes vainly stood back to back,
But the Yeos at Tulla took Father Murphy and
burned his body upon the rack.
God give you glory, brave Father Murphy, and
open heaven to all your men ;
The cause that called you may call to-morrow, in
another war for the green again !

HISTORY BOOK

IN THE WAR OF THE CRIMEA

THE FAVOURITE BALLAD ENTITLED THE ADVENTURES OF DARBY AND JERRY

Now all you warriors draw near, and you sports-
men too,
And I'll sing six or seven good verses for you ;
It's all about two fine sons that enlisted from me,
And that went to fight the Russians out in the
Crimea.

The reason that they listed I'll tell all about,
Was the selling of a load of turf, they went and
drank it out,
But my son Darby swore he would have revenge
for that,
So he went to seek his fortune upon the very
spot.

Now, said Darby to Jerry, I will have you come
away
And go and fight the Russians out in the Crimea ;
For if you stay at home you won't have an ounce
of luck,
For bread and beef is better, boy, than supping
India buck.

THE KILTARTAN

So we blackened up our brogues and went
straight away ;
And we never cried crack till we got to Belfast
Quay ;
And there we spied two sergeants walking up the
street,
And for to take the shilling we ran up the two
to meet.

When we came up to them we made the bargain
on the spot,
That we'd go and fight the Russians, let us be
killed or not ;
So they gave to us the shilling and then to us
did say,
To the right-about-face, you're bound for the
Crimea.

The minute that we landed sure the war was
raging hot,
And we went to take Sebastopol upon the very
spot.
Like devils we kept shooting at big heaps of
stones,
And my brother Jerry lost his head and I lost
my marrow bones.

When the war it was over and the Russians did
retreat,
I got a pair of wooden legs that fitted me com-
plete ;
But when I looked around me my brother Jem I
spied,
With his head hanging down and his knapsack
by his side.

HISTORY BOOK

O, but who'll cut the turf, ay, or who'll mow the
hay?

Ay, or who'll shear the corn since Jemmy went
away?

O Jemmy, lovely Jemmy, weren't you a mortal
fool

For to go and dash your brains out against
Sebastopol.

Now it's for my sweetheart, Maggie, what will
she think of me,

That I lost my two legs far off in the Crimea?

If I ask her hand in marriage, she will say, " You
silly goose,

Sure a man without his legs to a woman is no
use."

So cheer up, my boys, I hear we'll shortly have
good fun,

For all the old women are going to take the gun ;
Now they must be full accoutred with a bustle on
their back,

For to go and fight the Russian bear and stand
the grand attack.

THE KILTARTAN

THE BOER WAR

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON

One evening late, when friends did meet, I heard
a mother say,

“ My child, my son, my chief support, alas, is
gone away ;

Hard I had to rear him since the day his father
died,

Happy, happy would I be if he were by my side.

“ He joined the Munster Fusileers, a brave and
active corps,

I little thought they'd send him out to tamper
with the Boer ;

From the day that he enlisted he sent me half his
pay—

I'd give up what the Queen is worth to see my
son to-day.

“ I gave him my blessing leaving Queenstown
Quay,

With many more young Irish boys to cross the
raging sea ;

Many a mother now in Cork is in grief as well
as me,

To think the son she cared and reared, his face
she'll never see.

HISTORY BOOK

“ When the battle rages fiercely our boys are in
the van ;
How I do wish the blows they struck were for
dear Ireland ;
But duty calls, they must obey and fight against
the Boer,
And many a cheerful Irish lad will fall to rise no
more.

“ I wish my boy was home again, oh, how I'd
welcome him ;
With sorrow I'm heartbroken, my eyes are grow-
ing dim.
The war is dark and cruel, but whoever wins the
fight,
I pray to save my noble lad and God defend the
right !

“ Mothers, wives and sweethearts, cheer up and
do not fret,
The men who are out in Africa we hope to see
them yet.
Money plenty will be sent to help each family
From those who are in the battlefield before the
enemy.

“ Sisters, wives and mothers should offer up a
prayer
For those who are in South Africa, the friends
we loved so dear ;
God be their protection, shield them from the
foe,
Many of them alive to-day I fear will be laid
low.”

THE KILTARTAN

THE POOR OLD MAN

God bless and save all here, says the poor old
man,
If allowed to take a chair, says the poor old man,
Some few words I'd like to say on the topic of
the day,
It will pass an hour away, says the poor old man.

Aren't the Boers a noble race, says the poor old
man,
Such an army for to face, says the poor old man,
Such men don't fear to die, Independence is their
cry,
It's enough to make me sigh, says the poor old
man.

Now De Wet is all the rage, says the poor old
man,
They can't get him in the cage, says the poor old
man,
We're told they're on his heel, yet he slips
through like an eel,
And the lead he makes them feel, says the poor
old man.

Now the only child I reared, says the poor old
man,
Great Britain has not spared, says the poor old
man,
But if my only child in freedom's cause had died,
I could think of him with pride, says the poor old
man.

HISTORY BOOK

What has England sent to me? says the poor old
man,
A few lines of sympathy, says the poor old man,
To say it's with regret they inform me of his
death,
That's the way they pay their debt, says the poor
old man.

What's poor Ireland to gain, says the poor old
man,
For her children who were slain, says the poor
old man,
Some millions she must pay a noble foe to slay,
But there'll come a time some day, says the poor
old man.

The mills of God grind slow, says the poor old
man,
And the seed the tyrants sow, says the poor old
man,
They will have to reap some day, with Russia in
the fray,
Who an old debt longs to pay, says the poor old
man.

Now I'll say farewell to all, says the poor old
man,
And the next time that I'll call, says the poor
old man,
I'll have something to unfold that'll make your
blood run cold,
It's a pity that I'm old, says the poor old man.

THE KILTARTAN

THE GREAT WAR: 1914

AN IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT

On Saturday night, when friends met, a mother
did say,

“ My son, my child and chief support, he is gone
away ;

And happy would I be to-day if he were by my
side.

He joined the 18th Royal Irish, a smart and
active corps,

And now he is at the Front where German
cannons roar.

He left his good employment—many as well as
he,

And went out to the battlefield to fight England's
enemy ;

I wish my boy was home again, how I'd welcome
him ;

My heart is bursting with grief, my eyes are
growing dim.

Many a mother in Erin's isle is grieved as well
as me,

Thinking of the child she reared his face no
more she'd see.

HISTORY BOOK

At every new engagement the Irish will be there,
Always foremost in the fray, always doing their
share.

Amongst the dead and dying our boys are to be
seen

Fighting for the weak ones and their little Isle
so green.

May Heaven bring him back to me from the
Hunnish band,

Safe to his dear old mother, back to his native
land."

The shot and shell are roaring as hundreds
deplore,

And many a cheerful Irish lad has fallen to rise
no more.

Widows, wives and orphans, cheer up and do
not fret,

For the boys who are at the front we will see
them yet.

Plenty of money will be sent to support each
family

Whilst Irishmen are fighting against England's
enemy.

Mothers, wives and orphans, I hope you'll
breathe a prayer

For poor sons on the battlefield and do not shed
a tear.

For God is their protection and will save them
from the foe,

But many a mother's hard-reared son is in a
trench laid low.

1915

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS

Arise, you gallant young Irishmen, and ring the
land with cheers ;
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! at last we've formed the Irish
Volunteers ;
And every man who loves his land with rifle
forth he will go
For Erin's laws and Home Rule cause against
the Orange foe.

O Carson thought his Ulster bluff would Irish-
men dismay,
But now we have a brighter and better day ;
For Munster men, Leinster men and Connaught
men are here,
Already fit for action in the Irish Volunteers.

Too long we were trampled under foes, insulted
and belied,
But an Irishman can soon stop that with a rifle
by his side ;
And if it is fighting they want, begob, from
Bombay to Cape Clear,
They will find the hardest nuts to crack are the
Irish Volunteers.

Success to brave John Redmond, who still pulls
at the oar ;
He will steer the ship to College Green and never
leave it more,
And when we have our Parliament you will see
the guns and spears
Defiant in the sunlight by Irish Volunteers.

HISTORY BOOK

So hearty lads of Erin join the National Brigade ;
Take every drill and out the bill and never be
afraid ;

For you never know what other foe you will
meet in future years,

But keep the foe subdued at home, brave Irish
Volunteers.

Down with Carson and his brawling crowd, their
day of power is o'er ;

Although it took some hundred years, it's broken
for evermore.

Bad luck go with ascendancy, it died without a
tear ;

Emmet shed his blood for Ireland, boys, success
to the Volunteers.

Hurrah again for the National Cause, the cause
that cannot die,

For coffins, ships, gibbets, starvation they did
try.

But we'll tell to England straight, let her lend
her mind to hear

Our National spirit she can't break while there
is an Irish Volunteer.

So Irishmen and Irish boys join the ranks and
join them soon,

And, please God, you will see us marching to the
Rising of the Moon ;

We will have Home Rule for Ireland, in spite
of Carson's gang of Peers,

And our liberty we will maintain by the Irish
Volunteers.

1916: AFTER
THE RISING

THE MEN OF EASTER WEEK

As children of a suffering land we always look
with pride
On those who for our country's cause have nobly
fought and died ;
The men who strove from age to age to set their
country free,
And perished on the battlefield or on the scaffold-
tree ;
And now with those who thus repose we'll reckon
all who bled
Our chains to break in Easter week, with Ire-
land's Martyred Dead.

For ne'er is Ireland's glorious list full writ or
nigh complete,
Until it tell of fearless men who fell in Dublin's
street,
And raised once more with hopeful hearts our
country's flag on high,
And showed that Ireland still has sons prepared
to do or die.
And on our future history's page an epoch bright
they'll mark ;
To head that band for aye will stand McDonough,
Pearse and Clarke.

HISTORY BOOK

We'll tell of Heuston, Plunkett; Kent and Con-
nolly we'll name :

Whose names as heroes e'er will shine on Ire-
land's roll of fame.

McDermott, Mallin, Hanrahan, Daly, Colbert
and McBride

Are men who for our country's cause have nobly
bled and died.

It shows to-day that come what may our country
always bred,

Hearts true and bold, like those of old, our
country's martyred dead.

Then, brothers all, be proud of those who fell in
Easter week,

Be yours the task upon their foes a vengeance
dire to wreak;

Resolve to-day within your hearts, some day
your faith to show,

When Freedom's slogan calls again to deal a
gallant blow.

For the blood of men must flow again though
orphans' tears are shed,

Till a nation free the shrine shall be of Ireland's
Martyred Dead.

1917

THE GRAND OUL' DAME BRITANNIA

Ah! Ireland, sure I'm proud of you,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 To poor little Belgium, tried and true,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 For ye don't believe the Sinn Fein lies,
 And ye know that each Gael that for England
 dies

Will enjoy Home Rule in the clear blue skies,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Sure it often made me proud blood boil,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 When they tried to make out you were still
 disloyal,

Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 But Redmond's proved to be good and great,
 He's a pillar of the English State—
 Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

You want a pound or two from me,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 For your oul' Hibernian Academy,
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
 But you know we've got the Huns to quell,
 And we want the cash for shot and shell;
 Your artists (?) let them go to Hell!
 Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

HISTORY BOOK

The Castle's now an altered place,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
It's the drawing-room of the Irish race,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
John Redmond to the throne is bowed,
'Mid a frantic cheering Irish crowd—
Great! It's like the days of Shane the Proud,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Oh! Johnny Redmond, you're the boy,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
You're England's pride and you're Ireland's
joy,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
For he went to France and he faced the Hun,
Then he turned around and he fired a gun—
Faix, you should have sen the Germans run,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

And Redmond, now Home Rule has won,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
And he's finished what Wolfe Tone begun,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
Yet rebels through the country stalk,
Shouting "Sixty-seven" and "Bachelors'
Walk"—

Did you ever hear such foolish talk,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Oh! Scholars, Hurlers, Saints and Bards,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
Come along and 'list in the Irish Guards,
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia,
Each man that treads on a German's feet
Will be given a parcel tied up neat—
Of a tombstone cross and a winding sheet!
Says the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

THE KILTARTAN

SEPTEMBER,
1917

“ A PRAYER WRITTEN IN MOUNTJOY PRISON,
BY THOMAS ASHE,
WHO DIED FOR IRELAND ”

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord,
The hour of her trial draws near,
And the pangs and the pain of the sacrifice
May be borne by comrades dear.
But, Lord, take me from the offering throng,
There are many far less prepared,
Though anxious and all as they are to die
That Ireland may be spared.

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord,
My cares in this world are few,
And few are the tears will fall for me
When I go on my way to You.
Spare, oh spare, to their loved ones dear
The brother and son and sire,
For the cause that we love may never die
In the land of our heart's desire !

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord,
Let me suffer the pain and shame,
I bow my head to their rage and hate,
And I take on myself the blame.
Let them do with my body whate'er they will.
My spirit I offer to You,
That the faithful few who heard her call
May be spared to Roisin Dhu.

HISTORY BOOK

Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord,
For Ireland weak with tears,
For the aged man of the clouded brow,
And the child of tender years ;
For the empty homes of her golden plains,
For the hopes of her future too !
Let me carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord !
For the cause of Roisin Dhu.

1918

KEVIN BARRY

In Mountjoy on Monday morning,
 High upon the gallows tree,
 Kevin Barry gave his young life
 For the cause of Liberty.
 But a lad of eighteen summers,
 Yet no one can deny,
 As he walked to death that morning
 He proudly held his head on high.

Another martyr for old Ireland,
 Another murder for the Crown,
 Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish,
 But can't keep their spirits down.
 Lads like Barry are no cowards,
 From the foe they will not fly,
 Lads like Barry will free Ireland,
 For her sake they'll live and die.

Just before he faced the hangman,
 In his dreary prison cell,
 British soldiers tortured Barry
 Just because he would not tell
 The names of his brave companions
 And other things they wished to know—
 "Turn informer or we'll kill you"—
 Kevin Barry answered, "No."

Calmly standing to "attention,"
 While he bade his last farewell
 To his broken-hearted mother,
 Whose grief no one can tell.
 For the cause he proudly cherished
 This sad parting had to be,
 Then to death walked softly smiling,
 That old Ireland might be free.

HISTORY BOOK

1920

THE BOULD BLACK AND TAN

Says Lloyd-George to Macpherson, " I give you
the sack,
To uphold law and order you haven't the knack,
I'll send over Greenwood, a much stronger man,
An' fill up the Green Isle with the bould Black
and Tan."

He sent them all over to pillage and loot
And burn down the houses, the inmates to shoot.
" To re-conquer Ireland," says he, " is my plan
With Macreedy and Co. and his bould Black
and Tan."

The town of Balbriggan they've burned to the
ground
While bullets like hailstones were whizzing
around;
And women left homeless by this evil clan.
They've waged war on children, the bould Black
and Tan.

From Dublin to Cork and from Thurles to Mayo
Lies a trail of destruction wherever they go;
With England to help and fierce passions to fan,
She must feel very proud of her bould Black and
Tan.

THE KILTARTAN

Ah, then not by the terrors of England's foul
horde,
For ne'er could a nation be ruled by the sword;
For our country we'll have yet in spite of her
plan,
Or ten times the number of bould Black and Tan.

We defeated Conscription in spite of their threats,
And we're going to defeat ould Lloyd-George
and his pets;
For Ireland and freedom we're here to a man,
And we'll humble the pride of the bould Black
and Tan.

HISTORY BOOK

MARCH,
1919

A MOUNTJOY DITTY

I'll sing you a ditty of Dublin's fair city,
And a place called Mountjoy which all of you
know.

'Twas here, of all places, the boys cut the traces,
And got out of prison alive, alive O!

The first was bold Barton, when he was departin',
Left a note for the Boss his politeness to show,
And a dummy in order to fool the poor warder,
But Barton had hopped it alive, alive O!

J. J. Walsh and Pierce Beasley the trick did
quite easily,
Some pro-German devils a ladder did throw;
Then some twenty Sinn Feiners like acrobat
trainers,
Scaled the wall and got free all alive, alive O!

They're thinking to-morrow to call it Mount
Sorrow,
It's made of John Bull such a terrible show;
His prisons no longer have bolts any stronger
To hold in Sinn Feiners alive, alive O!

I'll finish my rhyme now and think it's near time
now,
The people are all laughing wherever they go;
It caused great elation in this ancient nation—
Sinn Feiners, pro-Irish, alive, alive O!

DECEMBER,

1921

A "FREE STATE" JINNY-JO!

I went to see David, to London to David,
I went to see David and what did he do?
He gave me a Free State, a nice little Free State,
A Free State that's tied up with Red, White
and Blue.

I brought it to Dublin to show to Dail Eireann,
I brought it to Dublin and what did they do?
They asked me what kind of a thing was a Free
State,
A Free State that's tied up with Red, White
and Blue.

Three-quarters of Ireland a nation—I told them,
Tied on to the Empire with Red, White and
Blue;
And an oath they must swear to King George
and Queen Mary,
An oath they must swear to the son-in-law
new.

I'm teaching them Irish and painting their boxes
All over with green, sure what more can I do?
Yet they tell me they want just an Irish Republic
Without any trimmings of Red, White and
Blue!

HISTORY BOOK

NOTES

I HAVE given this book its name because it is in this Barony of Kiltartan that I have heard the greater number of the stories, from beggars, pipers, travelling men, at my own door; or by the roadside or in the Workhouse, though others I have been given to the north of Galway Bay, in Connemara, or on its southern shore.

I WROTE in the preface to my book of *Visions and Beliefs* that is concerned with the invisible kingdom of the Sidhe, "the Others," the faery people: "To gather folklore one needs I think patience, reverence, and a good memory." It was to help Mr. Yeats in his work at that time I began to gather the stories, but as time went on I found many pages of my copybooks were filled with legends of the Fianna and of the Saints; and then of the history of the country from the time of the English invasion and conquest, more definite, yet taking colour and shape in the minds of the people or in the poets' passionate songs. Some of the stories of the Fianna I used in *Gods and Fighting*

THE KILTARTAN

Men, and some from Christian times in *Saints and Wonders*, and the yet later ones in the first edition of this *Kiltartan History Book*, the plates and remaining copies of which were burned during the Rising of 1916.

I HAVE now added to it many little chapters, written down in these later years, and also I have made for it a few translations from the poems of Raftery or of the Munster poets made in troubled times.

THE little book was liked; I have always claimed the right to praise it because there is not in it one word of my own: all comes from the lips of the people. Sir John Rhys spoke of it as a model for all future histories; and has not much of Plutarch come from the same source?

ALMOST all the old people who gave me the stories have now passed away. The old man who prophesied the return of the English was angry that day because he had heard a rumour his old age pension was to be reduced, but I am happy to know it was left untouched. He often found his way to my door until last summer after a few days' illness he died. And it was also in this last year that Wandering Mary's restless journeys ceased.

I MIGHT perhaps have better named the little book *Myths in the Making*.

HISTORY BOOK

A SOCIABLE people given to conversation and belief; no books in the house, no history taught in the schools; it is likely that must have been the way of it in old Greece, when the king of highly civilised Crete was turned by tradition into a murderous tyrant owning a monster and a labyrinth. It was the way of it in old France too, one thinks, when Charlemagne's height grew to eight feet, and his years were counted by centuries:—"He is three hundred years old, and when will he weary of war?" Anyhow, it has been the way of modern Ireland—the Ireland I know—and when I hear myth turned into history, or history into myth, I see in our stonebreakers and cattle drivers the successors of Greek husbandmen or ancient vinedressers of the Loire.

I NOTICED some time ago, when listening to many legends of the Fianna, that is about Finn, their leader, the most exaggerated of the tales have gathered; and I believe the reason is that he, being the greatest of the "Big Men," the heroic race, has been most often in the mouths of the people. They have talked of him by their firesides for two thousand years or so; at first earlier myths gathered around him, and then from time to time any unusual feats of skill or cunning shown off on one or another countryside, till many of the stories make him at the last grotesque, little more than a clown. So in Bible History, while lesser kings keep their dignity,

THE KILTARTAN

great Solomon's wit is outwitted by the riddles of some countryman; and Lucifer himself, known in Kiltartan as "the proudest of the angels, thinking himself equal with God," has been seen in Sligo rolling down a road in the form of the *Irish Times*. The gods of ancient Ireland have not escaped. Mananaan, Son of the Sea, Rider of the Horses of the Sea, was turned long ago into a juggler doing tricks, and was hunted in the shape of a hare. Brigit, the "Fiery Arrow," the nurse of poets, later a saint and the Foster-mother of Christ, does her healing of the poor in the blessed wells of to-day as "a very civil little fish, very pleasant, wagging its tail."

GIOBNIU, the divine smith of the old times, made a new sword and a new spear for every one that was broken in the great battle between the gods and the mis-shapen Fomor. "No spearpoint that is made by my hand," he said, "will ever miss its mark; no man it touches will ever taste life again." It was his father who, with a cast of a hatchet, could stop the inflowing of the tide; and it was he himself whose ale gave lasting youth: "No sickness or wasting ever comes on those who drink at Giobniu's Feast." Later he became a saint, a master builder, builder of a house "more shining than a garden; with its stars, with its sun, with its moon." To-day he is known as the builder of the round towers of the early Christian centuries, and of the square

HISTORY BOOK

castles of the Anglo-Normans. And the stories I have given of him, called as he now is, "the Goban Saor," show that he has fallen still farther in legend from his high origin.

As to O'Connell, perhaps because his name, like that of Finn and the Goban, is much in the mouths of the people, there is something of the grotesque already coming into his legend. The stories of him show more than any others how swiftly myths and traditions already in the air may gather around a memory much loved and much spoken of. I have known many who had seen and heard him speak, and yet he has already been given a miraculous birth, and the power of a saint is on its way to him. I would like those who come after me to keep their ears open to the growth of legend about him who was once my husband's friendly enemy, and afterwards his honoured friend.

I DO not take the credit or the discredit of the opinions given by the various speakers, nor do I go bail for the facts; I do but record what is already in "the Book of the People." The history of England and Ireland was shut out of the schools and it became a passion. As to why it was shut out, well, I heard someone whisper "Eugene Aram hid the body away, being no way anxious his scholars should get a sight of

THE KILTARTAN HISTORY BOOK

it." But this also was said in the barony of Kiltartan.

I HAVE added to the book a few of the ballads printed on broadsheets and sung at fairs or markets, that have to do with the English wars in which so many of our people have fought. I give also some that are concerned with the desire and attempts to break away from English rule. And if these are far from having the wildness and beauty of the passionate outcries made in earlier years in the native language, they are as I have called them elsewhere "roughly hammered links in a chain of unequal workmanship" that stretches back to the time when Spenser advised Queen Elizabeth to harry the poets out of Ireland.

A. GREGORY.

COOLE, *February*, 1926.

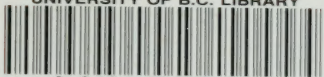
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